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Poetry.

For the Blade.

WEARY'S WELL.

WM. LYLE.

I lost my heart by Weary's well,
As bonnie summer gloamien;
But I'll gang off a roamin',
I'll search the worl' through an' through,
At morn an' even' dreary—
I'm fleyed I'll aye hae cause tae rue
The auld gray well o' Weary.

The blue bells on the mountain side,
The purple tasseled heather,
Tae me hae lost their royal pride—
Summer is winter weather.
Hoo can a man without a heart
Be any thing but dreary?—
Wish I ne'er hae gane the airt
O' that auld well o' Weary.

I gaed by that auld well once mair,
An' met the miller's Mary;
The lang last heart I found it there
She had it—She was fairy.
She spak' no word, O it was sweet—
Like magic, life grew cheery.
I blest the luck that led my feet
Doon by the well o' Weary.

Rochester, N. Y.

CONTENT.

All day I've ben a workin' hard
Down in the blue grass medder,
A slowin' up the mealy loam,
An' musin' sorter, whether
I'd better put in oats this year,
Or plant the field with barley,
An' cogitatin', like, betwixt
I'm havin' quite a parley.

The April sun is mighty warm,
An' down behind the holler,
I see a crocus pushin' up
Its gaudy bud of yaller;
The fros', I hope, has left the ground,
An' spring seem really here,
Old nature dandles in her lap
The smilin' baby year.

The sleepy silence's broken by
The sheep bells on the hill,
An' all the world seems lazy like,
A kind o' restful still;
I heard a robin singin' shrill,
An' see a jay sail by;
It 'seems like nature's wondrous kind
To seek poor trash ez I.

Fer I'm hones', jest ez happy
Ez a cat bird on a tree,
An I ought to help it sing
For the very life of me;
An' the fitful, fannin' breezes
From the southland seem to play,
An' make me feel like laughin'
In a most amazin' way.

Ez the sun to-night was settin'
In a purplish bank of gold,
An' the cattle was a lowin',
An' the sheep was in the fold,
Ez I looked across the lowlands,
Where the silver river lies,
An' I thought of all the bounties
Till a mist came o'er my eyes.

For the Lord is free with mercies
An' with blessings generous, too;
And in his kind benevolence
He's bought me safely through;
A happy home, a humble roof,
An' plenty's been my lot—
Outside of Eden never was
A more contented spot.

Our Story Teller.

SINGLEHEART AND DOUBLEFACE.

BY CHARLES READE.

She took the waistcoat on her knee, whipped her scissors out of her pocket, and carefully snipped the stitches—then opened the pocket, and groped in it with her fingers. "Well, but," said she, "there's no money here."

"Gammon," said he, with his mouth full.

She groped it thoroughly. "But I say there isn't," said he.

"Don't tell lies. Give it me."

She gave it him, and watched him keenly, and even suspiciously.

He felt the pocket, groped it—clutched it—turned it inside out: there was nothing.

"What in heaven is this?" he gasped. "Am I mad? Am I dreaming? It is impossible. Cut the thing to pieces! Tear it to atoms! Robbed! robbed! I'll go for the police! I'll search every woman in the house!" And he started wildly up.

But Elizabeth rose too and said, very firmly, "You will do nothing of the kind; there are no thieves here. Now sit down and think."

"I can't; I'm all in a whirl."

"You must. Tell me the name of all the bars you drank at before you came here."

He groaned, and mentioned several.

"Were there any women about?"

"Plenty at some of them."

"Did you take your coat off?"

"Not likely. I tell you I felt them in my pocket before I went to bed."

"Ah! you thought so, perhaps. Now who sewed them in for you?"

"I don't come at this right time. I have been robbed of £400."

Then she told him all that passed between her and Matthew, and Solomon offered his theory, videlicet, that the notes had never existed.

"Well, then, I think they did," said Elizabeth. "But here's my trouble. There's a person I suspect; but I don't like to tell him; he might blame me for housing a stranger, and indeed it was a frightful thing of me—there! I gave a night's lodging to an Englishwoman and her child. She said she had come by the boat, and lost her husband. I am afraid she never had one. Anyway, she slept here in this very room, and, Solomon, whilst my man was telling me in there he had got me the £400, she came bounce against that door, and I thought at the time she was listening."

"She is the one that did the trick," was Solomon's conclusion.

However, to make sure, he asked if Mr. Haynes had told her where the notes were while the woman was listening.

"He must have," said Elizabeth. Then she thought a bit. "Why, la! no he didn't. She could hear no more than I did, an deertainly I didn't know, nor he didn't tell me until this morning, breakfast-time. There—she couldn't know unless she had sewn them in, and that against all reason. It's a mystery; it is quite beyond me."

Solomon puzzled over it in turn. He said there was a good-looking woman sat waiting for her husband best part of two hours at the Custom-house, and a child with her.

"A girl?"

"Yes, a girl."

"What had she on?"

"Didn't observe."

"What was the child like?"

"Darkish—beautiful black eyes—a picture!"

"That is them, I shouldn't wonder. You saw no husband, I'll go bail."

"Ay, but I did—saw his back, however. That one is no thief—a plain, honest woman, with a face something between a calf and an angel."

"Indeed," said Elizabeth, "she looked honest; and if her tale was true, it seems hard to suspect her. But it is a puzzle."

Then Solomon Grace summed up the evidence: he drinks and gambles. One of those ways is enough. Such a man is soon eased of £400 in New York city. I've seen many drained out here with dice and drink, but I never knew a fool's pocket picked of notes sewn in the lining. Puzzle or not, that's a lie, I swan."

The latter part of this summing up was heard by Mr. Mansell from the parlor, he having slipped into the house the back way. He came in lowering, and put in his word. "Did you ever know an honest man slip into a house and backbite a man to his wife?"

Solomon turned red with ire and shame, for his position was not a perfect one. "Can't say ever I did, but I've known folk the truth was pison to wherever told."

"And the truth is that you are a discarded lover of my wife's, and a mischief-making hypocrite."

Elizabeth was alarmed, for she knew Solomon could wring this bantam's neck in a moment, and she had no blind confidence in his pacific disposition, though he vaunted it so highly. "La! Matthew, do you want every bone in your skin broken? And, Solomon, you must excuse him for my sake; he is in great trouble. I won't detain you at present."

"That means make tracks," said poor Solomon. "I'm pacific," said he, almost crying with vexation. "I'll go, sartain. I'd better go. But, Britisher—"

"Well, what is it, old Ohio?"

"A word at parting."

"Is Chicagreese?"

"Every dog has his day. That's English, I rather think."

When he was gone, Elizabeth took a cheerful tone. She told James she did not for one moment believe he had drunk or gambled away £400. "But," said she, "it is no use me being angry with Solomon Grace for saying what all the world says. Then after a little while she played the philosopher. "If you gave me my choice, and said, 'Will you have £400 or a sober, industrious husband?' do you think I'd choose the money? Never. So don't let us cry over spilt milk, but just you drop gambling —You don't think so, my head—and we shall do first-rate. The house if full, and all the lodgers like me. It always will be full now. Starting was the only trouble. I will undertake to keep you if you will only spend your evenings with me."

James Mansell pretended to jump at these terms, and Elizabeth invited him to go out walking with her in an hour's time.

He agreed with feigned alacrity, and she dressed for the occasion, and they walked out arm in arm, she gay as a lark, he moody and distracted, and attending to her flow of talk only by fits and starts.

Meanwhile Solomon and Lucy had a nice wash and a good breakfast, and by-and-by a conveyance was at the door to take their boxes to the boat.

But Lucy was most unwilling. "Oh, mamma," she said, "we have only just come."

"I can't help that," was the dogged reply.

"But everything is so beautiful, and the people so kind: they call me miss!"

"My child," said her mother, "I must go home Wounded creatures all go home; and I am wounded to the heart. I have nobody now but you: be kind to me."

Lucy flung her arms round her mother's neck. "Oh, mamma, I'll go with you to Jericho."

CHAPTER X.

It seemed as if everything was to be smoothed for their going home. At the docks they found Solomon Grace superintending Custom-house work, and Sarah beckoned him, and asked him how she should get her boxes on board.

"Going home already! What, without your husband?"

"Sir, my husband has abandoned me."

"What, altogether?"

"Me and my child."

"The miserable cuss."

Having thus delivered himself, he said it was his business to obey her orders. He couldn't leave that spot just then, but if she would give him the ticket, his mate should stow her things in the cabin. This was done accordingly. Meantime he asked leave to put her a question.

"As many as you please," said she, calmly.

"Where did you sleep last night?"

"With a woman who called herself Mrs. Haynes."

"At one-hundred-and-fourth street?

"I don't know, unfortunately. But since you ask, perhaps you know that Mrs, Haynes."

"I rather think I do."

"That is curious."

"Well, no. I've known her nine years. Why, her first husband was a cousin of mine. When he died I always intended to be number two; only I didn't like to ask in the church-yard; but that 'ere Britisher warn't so nice; he slipped in ahead of me."

Sarah turned her brown eyes full on him with growing interest. "I understand perfectly," said she. "You respected her most because you loved her best."

Solomon started at her. He was utterly amazed, but at the same time charmed, at this gentle stranger reading him so favorably all in a moment, and reading him right. He asked her a little sheepishly if might make so free as to take her hand.

"You are very welcome, I am sure," said she, smiling calmly.

"I'll tell you the truth," said he, "though it's agin myself. I love her still; can't get her out of my head nohow."

"Why should you?" said she, loftily.

Solomon started at that.

"It's like poor Joe Pinder," said she, half to herself.

"Can't say; don't know the family."

Sarah began to wonder. Presently she scanned him all over with her steady eyes. "I think," said she, slowly, "it must be my duty to write and tell Mrs. Haynes."

"About her housing you for last night?"

"About that and other things. You know her and respect her; will you give it her?"

"Of course I will."

"Into her own hand?"

"And glad of the job."

"Not into the hands of the man."

"What! her husband—the cuss—not likely."

Satisfied on that point, Sarah said she would like to go on board out of the bustle. She could write the letter in the cabin; it would be a short one. Then Solomon took her and Lucy on board. After some little preparation Sarah took paper and an envelope out of her bag: she had everything ready to write to her sister. She sat down and wrote to the other wife of James Mansell. Solomon Grace had nothing else to do but to watch her, and he did wonder what that thoughtful brow and white hand were sending to the woman he still loved.

It was no simple matter; the English-woman had a difficult task before her. She paused at every line. Her face was solemn, grave, and powerful. So the puzzle deepened, Solomon could not find. My fingers tremble; open it for me, Solomon."

He opened the letter, and handed it to Elizabeth and dared James Mansell to interfere. Elizabeth read the letter very slowly, and piecemeal—read it how she could, indeed; for her turn was come to have her bosom pierced:

"MADAM,—You and I—are both unfortunate. You are betrayed and I am deceived. If I tell the truth, I must pain you; if I withhold it, he will deceive you still.' Oh, what is coming? said poor Elizabeth. 'The man that passes for Matthew Haynes'"—she stopped and looked at him, and read again—"passes for Matthew Haynes—is James Mansell—my husband!" (The reader held out her hand piteously to Solomon Grace; he supported her, and she held on to him, that seemed to give her more power to read on.) "'We were married at St. Mary's church, Glo'ster, on the 13th of July, 1873.'"

"That's a lie!" said James.

"It does not read like one," was the dogged reply.

"'In 1878 he robbed me of my savings, and went to America. Last month one Varney from Liverpool told him I had money. He came for it directly, and took me with it—it was £400—sooner than not have it at all. Dear madam, I could not let my child be robbed.' There, I knew it—she took back her own. 'But James Mansell is yours if worth keeping.' Are you worth keeping? 'My door he never enters again. But if ever you should be as desolate as I was on your steps that bitter night, my home is yours. God help us both!

SARAH MANSELL.

"'13 Green street, Liverpool.'"

"That is as clever a lie as ever woman told," said James Mansell.

Elizabeth replied: "It is God's truth! Sunshine is not clearer. So, then, I never had but one husband." She put both hands to her face and blushed to the throat. "You were his friend. Take me home". She clung piteously to Solomon. Then she turned to Doubleface. "In one hour my servant will give you your clothes on my door-step. My door you shall never enter again."

"Mind that!" said the Illinois man. "I shall be there. 'Every dog has his day!'" With the word he tucked the resolute but trembling Elizabeth tight under his arm and took her home.

Doubleface cursed them both as they retreated. Then rushed to the waterside, and the steamboat was now all in sight, and Sarah Mausell still visible, standing over her child, with her eyes raised to heaven.

Then the fool and villain raged and raved between the two superior women he had deceived and lost. Both too good for him, and at last he knew it—both in sight, yet leaving him forever, and he knew it. He raved; he cursed; he ran to the water's edge. No, he had not the courage to die. He took out his flask and went for comfort to his ruin—he drank neat brandy fiercely.

Then fire ran through his veins. He began not to care quite so much. He drank again. Aha! He was brave. He defied them. He drank both their healths in brandy. He vowed to have two more as good as either of them. He drank on till his eyes set and he rolled upon the pavement. There the police found him and held a short consultation over him.

"Police cell?"

"No—hospital".

TO BE CONTINUED.

Congressional Electricity.

"I think I'll take my electricity," said a member of Congress to-day, as he came out of the House into the lobby. "I feel all worn out; that last speech has almost exhausted me. Won't you come along?" he asked of a fellow member.

"I don't mind," the second Congressman replied. "I think a little will do me good, too."

The two members got on the elevator and went down to the basement to take their electricity. It is quite "the fad" nowadays for the members to take electricity. An electric apparatus has been fixed up in the engine room in the basement, and daily the members avail themselves of the opportunity to get freshened up. A board, with a tooth piece of copper, is placed beneath the great belt of the large engine wheel, and the electricity thus generated is carried off by a wire attached to the board, which is long enough to be grasped by one who sits on a chair near by. The circuit is completed by the person holding the wire grasping a small brass chain attached to the railing around the engine's wheel. The system is thus filled quietly with electricity. The members say it is splendid after they have been out to receptions and suppers all night, or after they have exhausted their brain power by speech making or listening A great many members take electricity, and some go to the basement of the Capitol for it every day during the session.—*Washington Letter.*

A Gay and Bigamous Skeleton.

There was a skeleton in the family closet of Isaac W. Sprague, the famous living skeleton of the museums, who died recently. He was a financially prosperous unfortunate, for his salary ranged between $50 and $100 a week for many years during which he was an exhibit, and, as he spent money slowly, he leaves an estate estimated at fully $10,000. From that fact arises the scandal. With him at the time of his death was a woman who passed as his wife, and who claims the fortune as such. She says that she was regularly married to the atrophied human curiosity two years ago in Cleveland, and that thereafter she was his devoted companion and nurse. She had been a variety actress in dime museums and was a good-looking girl of 20. She declares that she did not know of Sprague having had a prior wife, and that he represented in his courtship that he was a bachelor. But an unbodied first wife now comes forward. She shows a marriage certificate to prove that she was married to the gay skeleton in 1868 at Rockland, Mass., where she bore him three children. He deserted her four years ago and she does not know of his having obtained a divorce. The money is understood to be in savings banks here, and there will be a contest for it.—*Chicago Times.*

To Abolish Dishwashing.

The suggestion that such table ware, plates, cups and saucers, butter dishes, etc., as are washed after each meal, be manufactured of paper material, so cheap that they can be destroyed after using, is having a wide circulation in the papers now, though it has been talked about among the other possibilities of the development of paper material for as long as ten years, and it was suggested in a paper read before a young ladies' society in this city a year or so ago, when housekeeping was being discussed. A good many hard working housewives will condemn the notion as "shiftless," and scorn the idea of being afraid of the work of washing dishes which its adoption might suggest.

Nevertheless it is likely to come along with the train of labor-saving improvements that modern inventive genius has made possible, and it is a wonder that some effort has not been made already to put the ieda into practice. The dishes could be made quite as handsome and as attractive as the china and earthen ones now used, and the amount of tedious labor and expense, too, that might be saved, would be beyond calculation. Labor-saving expedients do not necessarially imply laziness, and no housekeeper would fail to find useful employment for herself or her servants in the time saved from the drudgery of dishwashing. Let us have the paper dishes by all means. There's millions in it for some enterprising manufacturer.

A Moral Wanted to Fit This.

One day some five years ago John ——, a profane carpenter, who oscillates between Waterville and Sherburne, villages in the Chenango Valley, N. Y., in the execution of his trade, while very angry with one of his men for spoiling some work, started to utter an oath, but instantly became speechless. Less swearing was done in the valley on this account for a long while and Sherry ran far and wide. John shortly joined church, but his voice did not come back until a year ago, when, becoming very angry again and forgetting that he was speechless, he started to swear—and did swear, to his own utter amazement and that of all in hearing. He has since used his voice without difficulty.

Changes in the Holy Land.

Even the Holy Land is being deprived of its picturesqueness. A correspondent says that a big soap factory has been built where of old stood the town of Schechem. Bethlehem has been rebuilt and gas introduced. Nazareth has become the headquarters of a large company of olive oil speculators; Caesarea is being rebuilt in modern style; Mount Carmel has been bought up by land speculators; a glue factory is going up at Ramoth Gilead, while Jerusalem has been delivered over to all sorts of occidental improvements, including clocks on the public buildings, a street cleaning bureau, the Paris fashion journals, and even the telephone and an occasional bicycle.

A New Sound for Him.

City Man—"What the blazes is the matter with that hen?"

Farmer—"Nothing; she has just laid an egg."

City Man—"Great Scott! One would suppose she had laid the foundation of a brick block."

Humor.

WENDELL PHILLIPS'S ADVICE.

He Asked a Minister Why He Did Not Go Hell.

Robert Purvis, one of the founders, and many years the president of the Anti-Slavery society, in a reminiscent mood yesterday said: "During slavery days Wendell Phillips lectured one evening of a day on which a number of Methodist ministers held a conference. The preachers were on the same train with Phillips. One of the ministers, a big, blustering fellow, inquired in a loud voice if Wendell Phillips was on the train.

"'Yes, sir; there he is,' answered the conductor, pointing to the great abolitionist, who sat quietly in the rear of the car.

"The inquiry naturally excited a great deal of interest, and everybody in the car turned around to take a look at the man then so much talked about.

"'You're Wendell Phillips, are you?' yelled the minister, half turning in his seat.

"'Yes, sir; that's is my name,' replied Phillips, with characteristic blandness of voice.

"'Well, sir, I want you to understand, sir, that there are no slaves up north here. You have no right to go about raising disturbances and delivering unpleasant lectures. Why don't you go down south and lecture?'

"'Sir,' said Phillips, half rising in his seat, 'you are a minister of the Gospel, are you not?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'It is your mission to save souls from hell, is it not?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Then, why don't you go there?'

"In the tumult of laughter that followed the minister grabbed his valise and fled to another car."—*Philadelphia Times.*

AN ALLEGHENY 'SQUIRE.

A Quaint Old Character Who was Good at Repartee.

His appetite for office was a curiosity to many of his neighbors, and one day one of them paused in passing his door, where the 'squire was meditatively cutting a stick to pieces, and asked him about it.

"It's just on account o' my interest in the people," said the 'squire, smiling grimly.

"Humph!" grunted the other; "dont ye think they could git along without ye?"

"Mebbe they could," admitted the 'Squire. "Leastwise they often seem to think so, but I always come at 'em ayain. It's jest this way," he admitted, "I don't like to see only the best men in office, and consekently I've got to keep runnin' purty reglar myself."

But the 'Squire did not reserve all his wit for such gatherings and occasionally indulged in a mirth-provoking remark at the expense of the "sistern," which was received in as good-humored a manner as it was given. Sister Sarah Thompson was dealing rather severely one evening at a social gathering with the "brethring" by a tendency shown by some of them to indulge in naps during the long Sunday morning monologues of the parson.

"I declare," she exclaimed, "it's really scandalous the way Deacon Brown and Brother Smith nodded and nodded last Sabbath. You saw them, Brother Jones?" addressing herself to the 'Squire.

"No, ma'am," he responded, smilingly, "I wasn't noticin' the styles last Sabbath."

And Sister Thompson subsided amid the general laugh at her expense.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

She Learned to Like the School.

She goes to school, and she belongs to an educational family of prominence, who have lately moved from San Francisco for convenience. So she has had to go to a new school. The first day she found that, contrary to her experience, boys and girls were together in this school. That offended her, and when she went home she complained:

"Mamma, that's not a good school. I don't think I'll like to stay there."

"Why?"

"There are boys and girls all together there. It isn't pleasant."

"Well, my dear, try it a little, anyway."

The next day she came home in a little better humor.

"Do you like the new school any better?"

"O, yes, mamma. The teacher has put the loveliest little boy next to me. He's a lovely little boy. I think I shall like the school."

The third day she came home in the wildest of spirits, beaming all over.

"O, mamma! I know all the boys in the school now!"

This is one of those sad stories that good mothers like to read, so I am told, and I've no reason to doubt it.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

A Marketable Joke.

First Marketman—"John, what do you suppose the age of the hog is?"

Second marketman—"I don't know. I never was any good at guessing the age of a hog. What is the age?"

First marketman—"Saus-age."

Second marketman—"Don't say a word, Charley; I will work that off on my partner."

Second marketman proceeds to his stall, followed by a crowd eager to see the boss punster of the market "done up," and salutes his partner:

"Say, Dave, how old do you suppose that hog is?"

"Give it up, John; how old is he?"

"Sausage," immediately replied John.

After the crowd had crushed John's hat in, rolled him on the floor, and each one given him a good square kick, he realized his error, and acknowledged himself "a sad but wiser man."

Unvarying Trade Marks.

American wife (in a palace car)—I supposed that nice-looking couple at the other end of the car were Americans, but I see now they are English.

American Husband—What have you noticed?

American Wife—The man drinks liquor at his meals.

At the other end. English Wife—I wish we could make the acquaintance of those two at the further end of the carriage. I am sure they are English.

English Husband—No, they are Americans.

"How did you ascertain?"

"The man drinks between meals."—*Omaha World.*

He Was Too Honest.

"My son," said the old man, as he blotted the check and passed it over, "you are going out to begin the battle of life."

"Yes, father."

"Go firmly resolved not to cheat, lie, indulge in false pretenses, or use underhand measures."

In about three months a ragged, hungry, weary young man ascended the steps of the family mansion, and the father exclaimed:

"Why, William, what has happened?"

"Did business according to your injunctions, and haven't got a red left," replied William, as he hung his hat on the old, familiar peg.—*Wall Street News.*

Where They Are Wanted.

Omaha man—Going back to Chicago, eh?

Chicago Anarchist—I go back to fight for freedom. I scent battle in the breeze, and I must be at the front.

Say, I don't see any hope for your profession in Chicago. Why don't you go to Montana, where the territorial government is just yearning for such men as you? Go where you can be useful.

Eh! They want speeches?

No, they are offering a bounty of $8 a head for mountain lions.

All the Details.

Little Dot—Mamma, Dick and I got married this morning.

Mamma—You did, did you? Who performed the ceremony?

"I don't know what you's talkin' about!"

"Well, how did you make out you were married?"

"Oh! Why, I got my dishes an' set the table, an' then we both sat down, an' he said there wasn't a thing fit to eat, an' I said he was ugly as he could be, an' he went out an' slammed the door."

She Knew the President Very Well.

A little six-year-old daughter of a Senator, who has frequently accompanied her father to the White House on business, saw the mistress of the mansion for the first time at her reception yesterday.

"I never had ze pleasu' of meetin' oo before, Miss Cleveland," she lisped, when she got a chance to speak to that lady confidentially, "but I am ver' well 'quainted wis oo husban'!"—*Washington Post.*

TRAVELING ON A COUPON.

Two Inquisitive Passengers Learn Something New to Them.

"Do you sell railroad tickets by the yard now?" asked one of a pair of young women who were in a city ticket office paying their fare for a trip to the South. What prompted the question was the strip of pasteboard, more than three feet long, which was made up of coupons that covered the itinerary of the route, and the stamping of which gave the ticket agent all the exercise he needed. The ticket dealer smiled and continued to pound the dating-stamp as he replied:

"Yes, we sell them by the yard. This Jacksonville ticket is a little over a yard long, and, at $46 a yard is expensive trimming."

"I have often wondered," said the younger of the two travelers, "how the railroads keep track of this ticket money when a passenger goes out so many roads. Wish you'd tell us all about it; won't you please? You always seem to have lots of time."

"Oh, yes, certainly," the smiling man replied, and while he stopped to tell a prospective land-seeker the lowest, rock-bottom rate to Parsons, Kan., he tried to think what he should say. Then he nerved himself.

"You see there are on this ticket just 22 coupons besides the contract, which means this larger section where you sign your name."

"Then all these little tickets in a string are called coupons are they? Oh, I have wondered so often when I read about Gould and Vanderbilt cutting coupons—oh, excuse me and please go on."

"Certainly. Eleven of these coupons are for use in going and the same number returning. These coupons read, by this route, as you see, Toledo to Pittsburg, Pittsburg to Quantico, Quantico to Richmond, Richmond to Petersburg, Petersburg to Weldon (that's in North Carolina), Weldon to Wilmington, Wilmington to Florence, Florence to Charleston, Charleston to Savannah, Savannah to Waycross and Waycross to Jacksonville—that's eleven."

"Wonder why they didn't make it even twelve," murmured the young aspirant for knowledge.

"Probably an oversight," ventured the instructor of the class. "Now, between here and Pittsburg the conductors will look at that ticket. The first two will simply look at and punch holes in this first coupon. The third one will tear off the coupon and punch it. He will put it with the other tickets and the company's shar, of the cash fares and send it so it will reach the auditor of the road."

"What is an auditor?"

"He's the boss bookkeeper for the company and he charges up the ticket to the agent that sells it."

"You must have a good credit," broke in the reprehensible miss.

"Tolerable—they don't know us very well. Then on the next road the same performance is gone through, the last conductor on the line taking up the coupon and sending it in to headquarters. The auditors of all the roads after the one that issued and sold the ticket, which in this case is the Pennsylvania, charge up the coupons representing the distance traveled on their roads to the issuing line, at the agreed upon or regular rate. We are part of the issuing road, receive all the money for this transportation and remit it to the company. Then the company subsequently settles with the other roads on statements of account based on the coupons collected."

"Can any road issue tickets over any other road?"

"As a general thing all roads issue what is called coupon tickets, reading over part or all of their own line, then to connections and so on, though there are some roads which are restricted in this privilege for various reasons. But, as I said before, the coupon system is almost any line are accepted for passage, and reported back to the issuing line for redemption in cash."

"Oh, thank you ever so much—I think we understand you perfectly. You know so much about a railroad I should think you would be an inter state commerce commissioner or something."

"Ah, thanks!" the blushing ticket agent ejaculated. "Call again when you want tickets or information."

A Remarkable Admission.

"Were you acquainted with the murdered man?" asked the prosecuting attorney of a witness for the defense in a murder case. The willingness of the witness to say all that he could in behalf of the murderer was very apparent, by the way.

"I know'd him. He was de honestest—"

"Never mind about his honesty. You say you knew him."

"Yes, sir; and I'se proud to say I nebber knowed sich a noble—"

"Nobody asked you about that. What was the condition of his health—was he not in robust health?"

"No, sah! He was de feeblest niggah I eber seed."

"He was killed by the accused, was he not?"

"I can't say so, sah. My idea am dat he was in sich poor health dat, eben if he hadn't been killed when he was, he would hab died, anyhow, at least two days previous, sah."—*Texas Siftings.*

Not the Kind of Woman He Wanted.

Says Frederick Locker:—My friend, Admiral E. E., shortly after his return from a cruise, met an old acquaintance in the streets of Portsmouth, who said, after the usual salutations had passed: "I see, admiral that ye had got married." The admiral, hoping for a compliment, replied: "Why, Bailie, I'm getting on; I'm not so young as I was, you see, and none of the girls will have me." On which the Bailie, with perfect good faith and simplicity replied: "Ah, admiral, I was na evenin' ye to lassie, but there's many a time, respeckit *half-worn* wumman wud be glad to take ye."

She Would Risk It.

Alonzo—"Dearest Edith, candor compels me, on the eve of our wedding, to confess that I am a—"

Edith (in consternation)—"Not a married man?"

Alonzo—"No; but a somnambulist."

Edith—"And is that all, dearest? That should not separate us. Why, papa was brought up an old-fashioned Methodist and mamma has always been a close communion Baptist, and they got along very well together."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Not Necessary.

"I suppose," savagely observed the chairman of the board of supervisors, "that we ought to look over the accounts of the county treasurer."

"I think he is all right," replied one of the members.

"What makes you?"

"Well, he's got two patches on his Sunday pants, and his wife was working like a nailer yesterday to get a 30-cent dress for 29 cents a yard."

The books were not examined.

Drawing a Dim Religious Line.

Minister (to Uncle Rastus)—Surely, Uncle Rastus, you are not going fishing on Sunday?

Uncle Rastus—Yes, sah, 'spects I is. You see, Mistah Goodman, I don't believe in dis yere digion bizness much. Ise willun ter do anythin' on Sunday what ain't wicked fer to do any odder day, sah.

Minister—Then why don't you saw some wood instead of wasting your time after fish?

Uncle Rastus (indignantly)—Mistah Goodman, does yo' think dat I would wok on de holy Sabbath day?

He'll Pack.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said as he addressed a big man walking up and down the platform at Elmira the other day, "but is there talk of war in Europe?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you there'll be a fight?"

"I do. In what way are you interested?"

"Well, my hens will begin laying next month, and I want to know whether to sell for 13 cents and take it out in store trade, or pack in salt and hold on for 17 in cash. 'Scuse me, but I guess I'll pack."—*Wall Street News.*

Division of Labor.

Farmer—Do you want this job of shovelling snow?

Tramp—I am not a snow shoveller; I sprinkle lawns. The man who shovels snow will be along in about ten minutes.—*Texas Siftings.*

Law vs. Order.

Indignant citizen—"There was a burglar here last night, and he might have murdered us all if it had not been for the dog."

Policeman—"The dog is that I'm lookin' fer 'sur." "The dog! What do you want of him?" "He ain't registered, an' its me duty to shoot 'im, sur."—*Omaha World.*

Miscellany.

THE WOMEN OF CAPE COD.

Beautiful Creatures at 16 and Old and Haggard at 30—The Reason Why.

New York *Mail and Express:* "If there was ever a blighted race of women," said a gentleman of this city recently returned from a visit to Cape Cod, "it exists in the peninsular villages of Massachusetts, which depend on the fisheries for the support of their inhabitants. Nowhere else in all New England will ever see so high an average of female beauty, especially in symmetry of form and freshness of complexion; but it will not take one long to discover that this girlish beauty and freshness, while unusual and unexpected, is also in its duration very brief. The change produced in these girls by the lapse of a few years is painful to observe. No matronly graces are to be seen among them after their girlhood days are past. That charming middle stage of maturing womanhood, between the freshness and buoyancy of the girl of 20 and the woman of 35 or 40, is entirely absent. The hightened color of the cheeks is gone. The eyes are sunken, and wear a constant look of sadness and anxiety. Gray hair in heads over which a score and a half of years have scarcely passed, and deep lines in faces which should show no trace of age for years to come, are rather the rule than the exception. These women, besides suffering from all the inevitable sorrows which fall to woman's lot, no matter in what station she may be placed, have an added intense and perpetual sorrow all their own. There is a life of continual suspense and anxiety, which is almost certain in time to be embittered by an overwhelming grief.

"The most obtuse observer need not ask the cause of this lack of complete matrimonly beauty among these women, whose budding days open with the greatest promise of a superb physical womanhood. The cause suggests itself at once to one who sees the congregations of women on the beaches and in the quiet streets of the villages. There will be noticed occasionally a feeble old man among the groups, partially supported on the arm of some female companion, who most likely, carries on her other arm a chubby-faced child of lusty lungs. But in these groups, or any where around the village, the observer will look in vain for the presence of males between the tottering years of these relics of the past and the prattling days of babyhood. It is the fishing season, and there are no men or boys on shore. Their smacks are tossing on the treacherous waters of the fishing banks, and their return, if they do return at all, is as uncertain as the weather, which forms the one great subject of conjecture and apprehension among the villagers. Husbands, sons, fathers, brothers, and sweethearts are somewhere out on the bosom of the sea, probably homeward bound, perhaps steering for still more distant waters, perhaps struggling for life among the waves. Fair weather keeps hope warm in many an anxious woman's heart; foul weather or easter fills it with doubt and despair. Constantly watching day by day, waking in the night to listen to sounds from the sea, whether they may be the roaring of the dreaded tempest or merely the moan of the surf on the beach, is it any wonder that the torture of mind and body, and the strain of nerve and vital force that must follow this perpetual suspense and longing, destroy the fountains of youth and beauty in these patient, suffering women, and place upon them the marks of age while they are yet young?

"Yet the girls grow up with but one thought of what their future lot will be, with but one object in view upon which their visions of happiness are based. Go among any group of these bright girls, in any of the villages of the class I am speaking of, and you will find that nine out of ten of them look forward to marriage with some one who will spend his life fishing in the summer and coasting in the winter. The idea that there might be any other future than the one which is to come to them as fishermen's wives, or that the life of a fisherman's wife is anything different from the natural sequence of married life, never seems to occur."

Lapland Babies at Church.

I want to tell you how the mammas away up in Lapland keep their babies from disturbing the minister Sunday. Poor babies! I suppose it is growing bad style everywhere to take them out to church. And I suppose, that the ministers are privately as thankful as can be. But the Lapp mammas don't stay at home with theirs. The Lapps are a very religious people. They go immense distances to hear their pastors. Every missionary is sere of a large audience, and attentive one. He can hear a pin drop—that is, should he choose to drop one himself; the congregation wouldn't make so much as that under any consideration. All the babies are outside, buried in the snow. As soon as the family arrives at the little wooden church, and the reindeer is secured, the papa Lapp shovels a snug little bed in the snow, and mamma Lapp wraps the baby snugly in skins and deposits it therein. Then papa piles the snow around it, while the parents go decorously into church. Over 20 or 30 babies lie out there in the snow around the church, and I never heard of one that suffocated or froze. Smoke-dried little creatures, I suppose they are tough! But how would our soft, tender, pretty, pink-and-white babies like it, do you think?—*Wide-Awake.*

Bismarck's Calculation as to His Life.

Prince Bismarck's recent speech is chiefly interesting because of his declaration that, although he expected to live three years longer, he expected to die before seven had passed. He gave this as one of the reasons why he refused to interfere with the Septennate. Prince Bismarck is now 73. He anticipates death between 1890 and 1894. That is to say, expects to live till he is 76 and to die before he is 80. It is not every one who calculates his existence. It would be a very interesting subject to investigate how far the plans of statesmen are thus modified by their expectations of life. It used to be said that both "England's old man in a hurry" and its "young man in a hurry" were impatient from the same cause. Mr. Gladstone's age precludes the possibility of many years of prolonged activity, and Lord Randolph's constitution is so impaired that medical authorities are said to have warned him not to expect more than five and six years of a career. He may be mythical, but there is no doubt that the consciousness that Mr. Gladstone has only a few golden years to live dominates every calculation of Mr. Parnell, and probably, if the truth were known, of every politician in Parliament.

The Barbers of Paris.

A peculiar entertainment was given a few nights ago by the barbers of Paris in the casino of Rue Vivienne. There was first a hair-dressing competition, during which the knights of the curling-irons executed what they called "fantasies" on the tresses of their rather good-looking models. These fantasias were imitated by the tyro barbers, who vied with their professors in curling and frizzing the long ebony, chestnut, or golden locks intrusted to their nimble fingers. After that came a series of imitations of artistic, historical, and theatrical coiffures in the Louis Quatorze, Molieresque, or Marie Antoinette styles, all of which were skillfully and rapidly travestied. The art of hair dressing could then no further go, and professors, pupils, and models wound up their evening by a ball, which terminated at a late hour in the morning.

Mr. Lamar and Old Aunt Clara.

Old Aunt Clara, who keeps the photograph and notion store just off the rotunda of the capitol, has a great admiration for Sec. Lamar. The other day, when the secretary passed her for the first time since his return from the south, she gave a scream of delight and exclaimed: "Oh, my dear secretary, I am so glad to see you, and I am so glad that you are married again. Is she real nice?" "Why, Aunt Clara, I supposed your heart would be broken," replied Mr. Lamar. "We are getting along all right; no quarrels yet." "Oh, I'm so glad you are married again, and so glad you have your old sweetheart," said the old lady as she left him. This was one of the most trying congratulations Mr. Lamar has received, and he endured the ordeal nobly, although he was the observed of 100 or more observers.—*Washington letter.*

Good for Depew.

"And what does your costume represent?" said Chauncey Depew to a young lady at a fancy ball, whose dress began too late and ended too soon. "O! This is an idea of my own, you know. I am the New York Central." "So I see. The Fast Limited at the lowest Cut Rates, I imagine," replied the wit.—*Town Topics.*

THE "TREATING" HABIT.

The Tyranny It Imposes Upon Some Men—A Graphic Pen Picture.

Cincinnati Telegram.

Sitting at a little table in the finely furnished "bar" of the Gibson House this morning was a middle aged, handsomely dressed man who is well known in this city. Polite, genial, and always a gentleman, he has many friends, but he is somewhat eccentric, and is noted for having advanced notions on many things.

As he turned the paper he was reading, while comfortably smoking a cigar, his eye glanced up and rested for a moment on a party of men who had just crossed the threshold of the door leading from the billiard room.

He at once recognized the foremost of the party of three, and again cast his eyes on the newspaper, and settling himself into a easier position, began to read.

The party did not notice the solitary man, but walked up to the counter, and while the attendant was filling the orders which had been given by them, the leader of the trio caught sight of the man sitting in the rear.

"Why, hello, Gus! Is that you? Come and take a drink."

"No, thank you, Henry; I'd rather be excused."

"Oh, come on; I want to introduce you to my friends. Come and have something."

"Gus" arose gracefully, was introduced, greeted each becomingly, and after a chat of a moment or two, attempted to withdraw, with the remark:

"Please excuse me, Henry; some other time."

"No you don't, old fellow; take a drink. You must."

"But, my dear boy, I don't want anything; just had one."

"Take a

Recent Literature.

One of the most entertaining books issued during the winter is "Souvenirs of My Time" by Jessie Benton Fremont, published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston. The style is easy and conversational and the pictures of life in Washington and elsewhere, are brought before the reader in a peculiarly vivid manner, so that it almost seems as if they were a part and parcel of the present. Mrs. Fremont is the daughter of Thomas H. Benton, for many years a distinguished senator from Missouri and one of the prominent public men of his time. Her long residence in Washington, as child and woman, served to make her acquainted with many distinguished people in official and social life. The delightful reminiscences incorporated into this volume begin with a description of the famous wedding of Bodisco, the Russian minister, to a young American lady in Washington, nearly 50 years ago. Mrs. Fremont—then Jessie Benton—though only 14, was one of the bridesmaids, and the event made a strong impression on her. The account is a genuine bit of history. There is a chapter of interest on "Washington in Past Days," in which the personalities and events of the author's girlhood are described. "Family Life at the White House" deals especially with the days of VanBuren and Jackson. The book also deals with life at St. Louis, the author's Western home; with the South, with Panama and California, and with her journeys and experiences abroad. These reminiscences are bright and entertaining, and give a series of pictures of the past which are of historical interest and value.

Another book from the same house is "What People Live By," by Count Leo Tolstoi, translated by Mrs. Aline Delano. This is a story by one of the most distinguished among Russian writers, and written to show the dependence of human beings upon each other. The summing up is as follows: "I have learned that man lives not by care for himself, but by love. I know that God has given life to men, and wishes them to live. Now I know another truth: the truth that God does not wish man to live apart; therefore He has not revealed to them what each needs for himself. He wishes them to live together, and therefore reveals to each the other's wants." The translation seems to be very close to the original.

From G. P. Putnam's Son's, New York, comes "Social Studies," by R. Heber Newton. These are a collection of essays and discourses on social and economic subjects which have been delivered on various occasions or been published in various magazines. Had Mr. Newton been more careful with regard to facts which depend upon statistics for proof, the volume would have been much more valuable. He is a strong writer and a fearless champion of the rights of the people as against lawless monopolies and corrupt combinations of capitalists, and many of his arguments are forcible and convincing. Some of the subjects he treats of are "A Birds's-Eye View of the Labor Question;" "Is the State Just to the Workingman?" "Old Time Guilds and Modern Commercial Association," "The Prevention of Intemperance," etc. The book will be read with interest.

Another volume from the Putnams is "The Conflict of East and West in Egypt," by John Eliot Bowen, Ph. D., which is a statement of the conditions, both past and present of that country. It begins with Mehemet Ali, follows through Ismail's ambitious designs and plans, which were certain to lead to his exile, and the ascending of the throne by Mehemet Tewfik, taking up the rebellion of Arabi Bey and its consequences, describing the events in the Soudan consequent upon the assumptions of Mehemet Ahmed, who called himself the Mahdi; the seizing of Gordon Pasha; Wolseley's expedition, and the present state of affairs. It is a very well written book upon a question in foreign matters, that has attracted attention.

"The Fall of Maximilian's Empire" also comes from the same house. It was written by Seaton Schroeder, an officer of the navy, who was on the vessel "Tacony," sent under Commander F. A. Rue to the waters of Mexico, "to protect American interests." The story of the brief stay of Maximilian upon the Mexican throne, of the sad termination of his brave young life by execution, is well told.

"The Romance of the Unexpected," by David Skaats Foster, also comes from the Putnams. The volume is made up of a large variety of miscellaneous poems, many of them full of a gentle pathos, and again of a quaint humor which is very pleasant. The following, "Reading of the Tale," is very pretty:

We read together on a winter's night
The oldest, quaintest, saddest of romances.
She leaned upon my shoulder; her dear advances
My arm around her stole; the pages were white
With silvery frost; the hearth fire flickered bright;
My heart was filled with ardent, wistful fancies,
And in her face I read by stolen glances
A gentle sorrow mingled with delight.
Her moistened eyes looked up; the tale had wrought
Upon us both love's tenderest, sweetest spell.
She must have guessed my fond and longing thought,
For down her head upon my shoulder fell;
And in that blissful silence there was naught
Beside the exquisite truth we knew so well.

"A New England Idyl" by Belle C. Greene, is published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston. The author is already known by a former novel, entitled "A New England Conscience," which attracted considerable attention. The interest of the story centres in the two girls of the family—Hester and Rosy—who are fatherless and motherless, having not only themselves to care for, but the responsibility of looking out for the younger members of the family. How they did it, how they succeeded in overcoming the various obstacles which lay in their way, and what that success was, is happily told.

In the Lippincott series of Select Novels, sold at 25 cents each, which are issued monthly, are "That Other Person," by Mrs. Alfred Hunt, author of "The Leaden Casket," etc.; "Geoffrey Stirling," by Mrs. Leith Adams, a pleasant English story; and "Uncle Max," by Rosa Nonchette Carey; author of "Nellie's Memoires," "Barbara Heathcote's Trial," etc. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

Funk & Wagnall's, New York, publish "Young People's Prayer-meeting in Theory and Practice," by Rev. F. E. Clark, author of "The Children and the Church," etc. The object of this little volume is to assist young people to conduct their meetings in the most effective manner. The plans suggested are, the author says, less the discussion of a theory than the outgrowth of experience and personal effort. The 1,500 topics given have all been in actual use Several of the chapters in the book have appeared in religious periodicals.

The new book, "Vocal Guitar Album," contains nearly 50 selected songs with an easy guitar accompaniment to each. Among the favorite pieces in this book are "Dreaming," "Song of Spring," "Only to Love," "Ehren on the Rhine," "In the Morning by the Bright Light," "Rosalie" (college song), "Troubadour Song" (from opera of *Nanon*), "My Southern Sunny Home," and many more beautiful songs, to suit all tastes. The "Vocal Guitar Album" will be sent to any address on receipt of the price, $1.00, by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, Mass.

"Hide and Seek" is the title of a new and pretty piano piece by D'Orso, just published, (35 cents); and among other choice pieces of new music are the following: "Graceful Dance," a piano piece by Sullivan, (40 cents); transcription of "Bonnie Doon" and "Ministrel Boy," by Barnekow, for piano, and suitable for advanced performers, (both in one cover, 75 cents); two choice little piano pieces for young beginners, "Night Song" and "Negro Song," (no words), which most little players will be delighted with; they are by Behr, (25 cents each); and a pleasing piano-piece by Lange, entitled, "Companions," and suitable for young players, (40 cents). Any of the pieces named will be sent to any address on receipt of the price, by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, Mass.

A little pamphlet entitled "Another Chapter of 'The Bostonians,'" by Henrietta James, is well worth reading. by those who have read the story mentioned above. It purports to be the final chapter of that novel, and shows the after consequences of Verena's rash act. It is a keen satire upon the self abnegation of a woman who gives up a work for which she is qualified at the bidding of a man who is selfish to the heart's core. The little book is published by S. Morris Hulin, Bloomfield, N. J.

Literary Notes.

Sydney Luska has sold his new story, "The Yoke of Thorah," to a newspaper syndicate.

Robbert Bros., will shortly publish "A Week Away From Time," a volume of short stories written by society leaders of Cape Cod.

A volume of reminiscences of Salem life, by Mrs. Nathaniel Silsbee, Boston, is to be published shortly by the Houghton Mifflin Co.

Philip Bourke Marston, the poet, novelist, and essayist, died in London on the 14th inst., aged 37 years.

Roberts Bros., have in preparation "Sonnets in Shadow," by Arlo Bates, whose "Berries of the Brier" is now in print.

"Principles of Art," by J. C. Van Dyke, at one time editor of *The Studio*, will shortly be issued by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, of New York.

Mrs. Henry Wood, who was best known by her novel, "East Lynne," died on the 10th inst., at her home in London. She was about 67 years of age.

Mrs. Elizabeth B. Custer's new book is not half done, and it may not be ready before late in the year. All rumors, therefore, as to her publishing arrangements are premature.

Edna Lyall, whose real name is reported to be Ada Ellen Bayly, resides at Eastbourne, England. She has now in press a new novel, the title of which is "The Knight Errant, the scene being laid partly in Italy and in England.

Isabella Valancy Crawford, the well known authoress, died in Toronto on the 14th inst. She was one of the best known of Canadian writers, and furnished many stories for American publications.

An important addition is about to be made by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons to their theological books, by the transfer to them of the entire list of Hebrew and Semitic text-books and other works heretofore published by the American Publication Society of Hebrew, of Chicago.

Scribner's Magazine for March will contain a vigorous and thoughtful paper from the pen of Prof. Wm. James, with the title, "What is an Instinct," in which he discusses especially the instincts of man, their nature and the laws which govern them.

In order to remedy the difficulty one has in procuring information on the life and works of noted men of the present time, Messrs. Cassell have in preparation, "Men and Women of the Century," a dictionary of recent biography.

A well-known author who prefers to forego the credit of personal responsibility for his views has issued anonymously a work "Through the Gates of Gold" in which he believes that heaven is a state and not a place, and that it is not necessary to die to enjoy it.

Senor Caralla, a Madrid scholar, who has been for many years at work upon a rhymed version of the Bible, has just completed his task. The book contains 260,000 verses. It is said that Joaquin Miller is engaged in producing a similar work in English.

Max Muller's profound dejection, occasioned by the death of his daughter, is causing serious anxiety to the friends whose intimacy gives them a close insight into his exceptionally emotional nature. He has a strange longing to abandon all the pursuits which have hitherto engrossed him, and to bury himself in obscurity in that dreariest of all German towns, Dessau, his native place.

THE HORRIBLE EXAMPLE.

Peculiarities of the Croaker, Who is Found in Every Workshop.

In every workshop there are numbers of croakers. They are the men who tell you that the "trade" is overstocked, that it is done for, has had its day, is no longer a trade to put a boy to. This is the sort of stuff they do talk to boys who have been put to the trade, often with disastrous effects. According to this stamp of men the times are permanently out of joint and this world no longer a place for mechanics if they will suicidally persist in adding to their numbers. "Look at me," such a man will say, "I speak from experience. I am in the trade, and I know. I have never a penny to bless myself with till pay-day comes; I am as much out of work as in, and never certain of employment from one week to another." This is quite typical of himself, and he can point to plenty more than himself. His home is miserable, his family slatternly, himself of poverty-stricken appearance. Foremen are "down on him," and more successful—or, as he puts it, more lucky—fellow-workmen regard him with contemptuous pity. If he were an average specimen of the "trade," he would, indeed, be a warning against coming into it, an argument for getting out of it. But he is not an average specimen. Though he tries to figure as a martyr, he is only that stock character, the horrid example. He is one of the hard bargains of his craft, is either a duffer, a slouch, or a boozer, incapable, lazy, or drunken, or perhaps all three. The men of this stamp are the residum of the artisan classes, and among the other beneficial effects of the higher training would be its tendency to squeeze out the residuum. The resilient type of workman would not exert himself to move up, and as a consequence his relative worthlessness would be so increased that he would be no longer found worth his salt, even in busy times. He would gradually find himself pressed to a lower than the artisan level, and his loss would be the gain of the trade to which he had been attached. While the croaker is ever ready to call upon you to look upon this picture as embodied in himself, he is careful not to direct attention to that, as illustrated by the better, more truly representative artisan.—*Nineteenth Century.*

A MANLY SON.

Sudden Development of Gen. Logan's Son.

Manning Logan has surprised everybody by his unlooked-for strength and manly bearing, and the thoughtful devotion to his mother, unheeding his own deep sorrow to comfort her. He had, as an only, but he seems older, much older; since his father's death. He has withdrawn from the business firm here of which he was a member, and I hear is to go into business at Youngstown, O., where Miss Edith Andrews, the lady to whom he is engaged resides. They are to be married early in the spring. It has been his desire, and was before his father's death, to assume the name of John A. Logan, jr., and he is often called by that name. But in his own family he bears the name of Manning, and was named for an uncle of his father. His resemblance to his father is becoming more and more striking as he grows older. His hair is straight, jet black, and glossy as the general's was, and his heavy black mustache is quite the same. His features are more delicately cut, like Mrs. Logan's, but the contour of his head and his height of figure are like Gen. Logan, with the natural difference of age. There is at this time hardly so handsome a young man in Washington as Manning Logan, or, as he is likely to be know in the future, John Logan, Jr. Miss Andrews is a blonde, small, graceful and attractive. She is not a society girl in the sense of devotion to gayety, though she has seen a good deal of social life in New York and Washington. She is the daughter of wealthy parents, but wholly unspoiled. Gen. Logan was proud of her.—*Washington Correspondence.*

Mother's Smiles are the Sunlight of Home.

There would be fewer clouds and brighter sunshine in many households if every disquieted suffering woman realized what a boon Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is for all weaknesses and maladies to which her sex is liable. No lady who gives this wonderful remedy a trial will be disappointed by the result It not only acts promptly upon all functional derangements, but by its rare nervine and tonic properties strengthens and repairs the whole feminine system. Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

A Deserved Rebuke.

Among most nations there is an instinctive recognition of the sacredness of hospitality. The Arab, the Indian, and even the "Georgia Cracker," all feel the force of this, though sometimes persons who make greater pretensions forget it. An unpretending man, who recently become rich gave a dinner to a brilliant senator prom Kentucky. During the feast a man who sat next to the senator looked at him significantly and observed, by way of disparaging their host: "Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them, you know, senator." "Yes," was the indignant retort; "and wise men make speeches and fools repeat them," disgusted at his neighbor's meanness in partaking of a man's hospitality and then sneering at his defects.—*Youth's Companion.*

Personal Comeliness

Is greatly enhanced by a fine set of teeth. On the other hand, nothing so detracers from the effect of pleasing features, fine eyes and a graceful figure, as yellow teeth. That popular toilet article SOZODONT checks their decay, and renders them as white as snow.

A SHELLEY CLUB.

The Grandmother Had Things Her Own Way for One Evening.

A story is told by the gossips of the town, apropos of the incipient Shelley craze, which relates how a West End young lady, who lives with her wealthy and eccentric grandmother, determined to establish a Shelley club. She invited a dozen of her friends, of both sexes, and informed her grandmother only after all the arrangements for the meeting had been completed.

The grandmother made no comment but there was fire in her eye, and her granddaughter, knowing how illy the head of the house could brook having anybody take the initiative but herself, should have viewed with suspicion the package which arrived from the bookseller's on the afternoon of the day appointed for the first meeting. The evening came and the guests assembled. There was then and still is, discussion of plans and all the rest of it, and then places were found and they settled down to read "The Cenci," for which parts had been arranged beforehand.

But just at this moment an interruption occurred. The grandmother entered, richly dressed, and handsome still in that whilesale beauty which descends from a grandmother who in her day turned the heads alike of Boston gallants and the courtiers of St. Cloud.

"I am sorry to interrupt," Madame said, after a brief greeting to the company, "but I do not approve of Shelley. He was an immoral man, who deserted his wife to live with another woman, and 'The Cenci,' I believe you mean to read, isn't on a subject that in my day young gentlemen and ladies would have come together to discuss. I can't have it done in my house. John!"

She raised her voice a little at the last word, and in the doorway behind her appeared her footman bearing a silver tray, on which was a file of small volumes. In response to a sign from his mistress the servant passed the tray around, and each guest half mechanically helped himself or herself to a copy of Hannah Moore's "Moral Tales."

"I wanted," the old gentlewoman confided to a friend afterward, "to get Jane Taylor's 'Poems for Infant Minds,' but there were not copies enough at the bookstore."

The volumes distributed the old lady seated herself at the head of the room, book in hand.

"You will pardon me," she said, "if I take charge of the reading to-night, as of course you can hardly be prepared."

"But, grandmother," began her granddaughter, "I——"

"Please do not interrupt us now," was the reply, delivered in a tone which fully proved how idle would be remonstrance. "We will read in turn a page each, if you please."

It is only fair to the determined old lady to add that she let the company off after an hour of it, and that she had an uncommonly good supper several dollars in the evening; but the probabilities are that no more Shelley clubs will be started in that house while she lives there, without her consent. There is perhaps not another woman in Boston who could have done the thing, and yet it was so well done that those present went away declaring auld their laughter, it is true, that the evening had added to their already large admiration for Madame.—*Boston Letter.*

ARTEMUS WARD'S CHUM.

Another Good Story Told by a Former sociate of the Humorist.

Mr. George Hoyt, of Cleveland, O., who years ago worked in the *Plain Dealer* of that city with Artemus Ward, was in New York the other day and chatted with a reporter. Mr. Hoyt was a printer on the paper, and when Artemus, who was the sub-editor, wanted to go to Cincinnati for a week or so he got the former to write his matter for him and left an old tow string to indicate the width of column. Mr. Hoyt is now a wealthy mine owner, but has never forgotten the great American humorist, whose friend he was up to his death.

"Yes. I remember the old soiled string Artemus gave me," he said. "Artemus called me to him and said he was going to be absent a week, and wanted me to 'jag-up' his column during his absence. I never will forget his queer looking expression when he handed me a string about two-thirds of a column in length, and said that much stuff was required daily. As to the quality of the matter I was not consulted at all. I think that incident occurred along in 1857, or shortly afterward. Artemus and I were good friends, although I was only a printer on the paper. He discovered that I was something of an artist, and had a high appreciation of the humorous, so he frequently had his articles to me. How he would laugh, both while he was writing his funny articles and when he read them to me. I remember he read to me his letter to Brigham Young, and laughed heartily over the question he propounded to the Mormon as to where his wives were sealed to him. I illustrated his first book for him; at least I drew all the illustrations, and Artemus lost them out of his coat pocket while en route to New York. The last time I saw Artemus was in Cincinnati. He was lecturing then, and I went into his dressing-room before he appeared upon the stage. He was looking a terrible time with his hairdresser. It is an actual fact he carried a hairdresser around with him to get his hair properly curled and arranged to appear before an audience. He appeared glad to see me, and asked me about the boys. He made a great deal of money, but what became of it is rather a mystery. He bought a farm for his parents and helped them."

The Winds of Heaven.

If the winds of heaven could become visible to us, and if from some standpoint far out in the blue we could look down upon them, we should, no doubt, find some of our preconceived notions considerably modified. That they would present a speckled and variegated appearance goes without saying, and though in no doubt wild and seemingly chaotic enough to baffle the eye of an archangel in at attempt to trace out the entire system of their motions, a comprehensive view would yet perhaps present more of regularity than we are accustomed to associate with the winds. Even the slightest thing that would strike the attention in such a survey would be, not the wild chaos of the aerial currents, but their orderly rhythmical motions. For instance, throughout the tropics at ordinary times there is a morning and evening ebb and flow of the air as regular and as punctual as the ebb and flow of the ocean. All coasts there suck in a moist, refreshing breeze from the ocean in the morning and breathe out again at night. To the eye that could detect this grand inhaling and exhaling over the whole tropical earth, and could see also the great trade winds sweeping down from the poles to the equator in majestic currents hundreds of miles wide, two mighty streams that meet in the torrid zone, flow upwards and move back in the upper atmosphere—to the eye that could discern all this and the many other regular and periodical currents, as well as the circular whirling of storms, and, possibly, the circular movements of storm centers, the most impressive fact of our atmospheric movements would not be their capricious irregularity, their fitful uncertainty, but the sublime order and rhythm of the winds.

Don't Get Caught

This spring with your blood full of impurities, your digestion impaired, your appetite poor, kidneys and liver torpid, and whole system liable to be prostrated by disease—but get yourself into good condition, and ready for the changing and warmer weather, by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. It stands unequaled for purifying the blood, giving an appetite, and for a general spring medicine.

The Hidden Diamond.

We heard of an odd incident which occurred not many days ago in a store in New York. Among its stock was a remarkably fine diamond, worth several thousand dollars, and the jewel was the light of the establishment.

One rainy afternoon a well known citizen was in the store and one of its owners took out the jewel and gave it to the visitor to admire. To better show off its purity and lustre the gem was placed between the points of a pair of tweezers. The citizen held it up before the window's light, and, after admiring its beauty, moved to return it. His arm struck the corner of a show case and the stone fell from the tweezers. A slight search failed to discover it. Then a thorough one was instituted. No diamond was found.

The clerks, proprietor and citizen looked under cases and rugs, and nervousness began to grip the latter. He was told to go, that the diamond would be found and not to bother. He wouldn't do it until another and more energetic search had been made, without avail. Then he prepared to depart, after exacting a promise from the jeweller that the telephone should be used when the stone was found. At the door he raised his umbrella—it was raining—and from its depth the diamond fell. It had dropped into it from the teeth of the pliers and no one had suspected its singular hiding place.

—Bryant & Stratton's College, Buffalo, N. Y., gives instruction *at home* by mail in Book-keeping, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Shorthand, etc. Send for circulars.

DEATH IN THE WATER.

IS THE ELEMENT WE DRINK DECIMATING THE PEOPLE?

How a Universal Menace to Health May Be Disarmed.

A few years ago the people in a certain section in one of the leading cities of the state were prostrated with a malignant disease, and upon investigation it was found that only those who used water from a famous old well were the victims.

Professor S. A. Lattimore, analyst of the New York State Board of Health, upon analyzing water from this well, found it more deadly than the city sewage!

The filling up of the old well stopped the ravages of the disease.

Not long since the writer noticed, while some men were making an excavation for a large building, a stratum of dark-colored earth running from near the surface to hard pan. There it took another course toward a well near at hand. The water from this well had for years been tainted with the drainings from the earth—may give them a clear appearance, yet the poison and disease remains, though the water may look never so clear.

It is still worse with the farmer, for the drainage from the barn yard and the slops from the kitchen eventually find their way into the family well!

The same condition of things exists in our large cities, whose water supplies are rivers fed by little streams that carry off the filth and drainage from houses. This "water" is eventually drunk by rich and poor alike with great evil.

Some cautious people resort to the filter for purifying this water, but even the filter does not remove this poison, for water of the most deadly character may pass through this filter and become clear, yet the poison disguised is there.

They who use filters know that they must be renewed at regular periods, for even though they do not take out all the impurity they soon become foul.

Now in like manner the human kidneys act as a filter for the blood, and if they are filled up with impurities and become foul, like the filter, all the blood in the system coursing through them becomes bad, for it is now a conceded fact that the kidneys are the chief means whereby the blood is purified. These organs are filled with thousands of *hair like tubes* which drain the impurities from the blood, as the sewer pipes drain impurities from our houses.

If a sewer pipe breaks under the house, the sewage escapes into the earth and fills the home with poisonous gas; and if any of the thousand and one little hair-like sewer tubes of the kidneys break down, the entire body is affected by this awful poison.

It is a scientific fact that the kidneys have few nerves of sensation; and, consequently, disease may exist in these organs for a long time and not be suspected by the individual. It is impossible to filter or take the death out of the blood when the least derangements exists in these organs, and if the blood is not filtered then the uric acid, or kidney poison, removable only by Warner's safe cure, accumulates in the system and attacks any organ, producing nine out of ten ailments, just as sewer gas and bad drainage produce so many fatal disorders.

Kidney disease may be known to exist if there is any marked departure from ordinary health without apparent known cause, and it should be understood by all that the greatest peril exists, and is intensified, if there is the least neglect to treat it promptly with the great specific, Warner's safe cure, a remedy that has received the highest recognition by scientific men who have thoroughly investigated the ultimate cause of derangements.

They may not tell us that the cause of so many diseases in this organ is the impure water or any other one thing, but this poisonous water with its impurities coursing constantly through these delicate organs undoubtedly does produce much of the disease and disease which eventually terminate in the fatal Bright's disease, for this disease, alike among the drinking men, prohibitionists, the tobacco slave, the laborer, the merchant and the tramp, works terrible devastation every year.

It is well known that the liver, which is so easily thrown "out of gear," they say, very readily disturbs the action of the kidneys. That organ when deranged, *immediately* announces the fact by sallow skin, constipated bowels, coated tongue, and headaches, but the kidney when diseased, struggles on for a long time, and the fact of its disease can only be discovered by the aid of the microscope or by the physicine who is skillful enough to trace the most indirect effects in the system to the derangement of these organs, as the prime cause.

The public is learning much on this subject, and when it comes to understand that the kidneys are the real health regulators, as they purify the blood, purify and vitalize the system, they will escape an infinite amount of unnecessary suffering, and add length of days and happiness to their lot.

ANECDOTES OF GOV. FORAKER.

His Election as Judge and the Coincidence of His Resignation—His Photograph as a Soldier.

Gov. Joseph B. Foraker, of Ohio, whose speech at the recent banquet of the Republican club excited much enthusiasm, was elected to the office of Judge at Cincinnati at the early age of 33 or 34 years. His associates on the bench were all old and learned men. The judicial work that devolved upon him required a constant application to study, which in the course of three or four years broke down his health and compelled him to tender his resignation, which was forwarded to Gov. Foster. Almost immediately upon its becoming known that he had resigned a petition was forwarded to Gov. Foster, signed by the members of the bar, requesting without regard so politics, asking Gov. Foster to refuse Judge Foraker's request. At the same time the bar united in asking the judge to take a vacation long enough to recuperate and then to return to his work. Gov. Foster was so impressed with the petition that he began to look over Judge Foraker's career to see if he might not have in him the elements of popularity which would make him a strong candidate before the people for governor. Shortly afterward Judge Foraker's name was prominently mentioned for governor of Ohio, and the success of Mr. Foster. It was a curious coincidence that the petition to Gov. Foster asking him not to accept Judge Foraker's resignation was signed by Judge George Hoadly, who only a little while afterward became the antagonist of the judge in a contest for the gubernatorial nomination, and defeated him at the polls, only to be in turn defeated two years after, when both men were renominated.

Judge Foraker was a private soldier, and served as such throughout the entire war. An incident of his first political campaign illustrates the manner in which politicians sometimes work. The Republican committee in Ohio was desirous of securing a photograph of Mr. Foraker as a private soldier. The only picture of the kind which was in existence was one which merely showed his face and shoulders. A young man, who was about his size, was dressed in the uniform of a United States soldier and this photographed. The artist then deftly joined the Foraker picture to the body of the other photograph, and by rephotographing produced an admirable full length likeness of what purported to be the candidate. Thousands of these photographs are distributed over Ohio to-day, the proud possessors having no conception of the manner in which they were produced.—*New York Tribune.*

All for Ten Cents.

A beautiful set of gold colored picture cards and a sample copy of the St. Louis Magazine sent for 10 cents. The magazine, just entering upon its sixteenth year, is $1.50 a year, and we send it and the WEEKLY BLADE one year for $1.75. For club of both send money to either BLADE or Magazine. For picture cards and sample copyof St. Louis Magazine, send to C. Gilmore, 213 N. Eighth street, St. Louis, Mo.

Journalistic Confidences.

Girls look pretty on horseback, and we love to see them. We popped the question to the lady we now board with while we were gayly cantering side by side long ago. She jumped at the chance, and we've been jogging on together ever since. In a few more like ours, where horses are plenty and other outdoor amusements not very numerous, we think all the girls should be encouraged to become accomplished equestriennes. Let your girls ride horseback. It will make them healthy, strong, active, and self-reliant; and, gracious, don't they look handsome, prancing along on a spirited charger.—*Quitman (Ga.) Free Press.*

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE,
As an Appetizer.

Dr. MORRIS GIBBS, Howard City, Mich., says: "I am greatly pleased with it as a tonic; it is an agreeable and a good appetizer."

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

PEOPLE who are not diffident can have no conception of the agonies passed through by those who are afflicted with a constitutional shyness To feel every particle of blood in the body suddenly seized with a perverse desire to travel in the wrong direction; to have the feet and hands develop a stubborn and persistent prominence that it is impossible to overcome; to be afflicted with an instantaneous blindness that leads to stumbling over rugs and stools; to have people loom up into awful proportions, seeming to crush and overwhelm with their presence; to feel the heart growing more and more venturesome in an effort to force its way into the mouth; to—well, words fail to describe all the horrors a really bashful individual passes through in making the journey of life. It is true that the time usually arrives before it is over, when such persons realize that human beings are but human beings, and the greatest among them are the most welcome everywhere. Tears come without coaxing. There are enough and to spare always, for if a human being is so happy as to have no cause for them on his own account, his heart must be hard indeed not to be moved to them for others. Even tragedy itself is passed through the earth may give them a clear appearance, yet the poison and disease remains, though the water may look never so clear.

THE one thing which everybody is looking for is fun, and the person who can the most provoking nuisance in the mess is welcome everywhere. Tears come without coaxing. There are enough and to spare always, for if a human being is so happy as to have no cause for them on his own account, his heart must be hard indeed not to be moved to them for others. Even tragedy itself is passed through the earth may give them a clear appearance, yet the poison and disease remains, though the water may look never so clear.

A SORRY thing it is though for an individual to get the reputation of being "funny," unless he possesses the power of keeping himself constantly up to the "funny" pitch. He sure to have one advantage—that everybody is always ready to laugh at ever so poor a joke which he gives birth to, but there must be times and seasons when he would prefer not to be on exhibition; when to keep wound up to the required pitch costs a dreary effort; when he would gladly retire into the background and laugh at the humor of others, but this luxury is denied. A "funny" reputation must be maintained at all hazards, and with no lapses, or he will find himself accused of being "stale, flat and unprofitable." It is like the actor who must play his part before the waiting audience, even though his heart be breaking.

DISAPPOINTMENT is the common lot of mortals, both men and women, but there are some, both men and women, who escape the latter wot not of. Even friendship pales before such trials, and the gloom of despair holds the sufferer in abeyance. Bob Burdette has given vent to his feelings under such circumstances as thusly:

We have met, and could have kicked him
When he got the vacant chair,
And the barber told the waiting man
That he ought to cut his hair,
When we said, "We'll come to-morrow,"
And went out in dumb despair,
In an unkempt, frisly sorrow—
There was not one vacant chair.

A PROMINENT sign of the time in regard to the change in woman's privileges and opportunities is that of the greater freedom in the arrangement of their lives by those who are single and engaged in some profession or business. In New York, like men they choose their room with reference to their own needs, without inquiring who are their neighbors. There they lead their Bohemian life without criticism or interference, making their surroundings as home-like as possible in the small space usually taken, and working away to accomplish all that brain and hand can compass. And they are happy in this devotion to some real purpose which requires the greater part of their time and energy.

A WRITER in the current *Atlantic's* "Contributors Club" expatiates upon the ways of lengthening life, or, in other words, of the devices for the economizing of the limited time which mortals possess. Among other things, he or she suggests learning to read faster, and advises that children in school should be taught to read for his own benefit "like lightning." With all due deference to this sapient counsellor, the question cannot but arise in the mind as to what the outcome would not be an absolutely superficial grasp of the bare as knowledge goes. The practice of running through a multitude of books and papers so rapidly as to leave no impression upon the mind has already been indulged into the extent of producing a world of defective memories. The man or woman who remembers a third part of the bare facts of which he or she reads is an exception. It will be a sorry day when mankind tries to stretch out life in that way. Read slower and read less would be a much better innovation upon present methods.

"CASKET" AND "COFFIN."

A Mawkish Sentimentality hoat Uslng the Latter Word—How Language Changes.

The cable says that the inhabitants of the Hague gave King William of Holland "a bible and a casket," on Saturday, for a birthday present. Not a burial casket, of course, although he is seventy years old. But the mention of a coffin in the form that the word suggests to most people. "Casket" has so far supplanted "coffin" in popular parlance that the latter is in peril of soon becoming one of the "lost beauties of the English language." The undertakers all have adopted and propagated the other word. They put "caskets" on their signboards, and talk of "caskets" not only in the sympathetic but in the business lingo of their trade. Even from the pulpit and in funeral services the sound old world "coffin" now is seldom heard. The clergy also have succumbed.

Cannot something be done to rid common parlance of this fantastic use of the word "casket" as a euphemism for coffin? It has its origin in a mawkish avoidance of plain terms to describe death. Thus, some say that a person who has died has "departed," or "passed away," or "left us;" others, that he has "handed in his chips," or has "climbed the golden stair." It is just as absurd to call a coffin a casket as it would be to call it a cask or a keg, and we do not understand why it should be any more consoling to mourners. Observation, however, compels us to recognize the fact.

Coffin also, in its time, has had its fantastic uses. Wycliffe, preferring to derive it from a Greek word, used it as a synonym for basket in his translation of the Bible, and in the Gospel narratives of Christ's feeding the multitude he speaks of the "coffyns ful of fragments that were left over." Even in Shakespeare's day, a common use of the word to signify a pie crust struggle with the funereal use of it. Thus, although in the song in "Twelfth Night" Shakespeare writes:

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be thrown,

so also, in "The Taming of the Shrew," he makes Petruchio talk of a "custard-coffin."

But in our century coffin had come to mean always primarily a receptacle for the dead body, and any other application was distinctly metaphorical. Now this plain and practical use is almost abolished, for she word itself is falling into desuetude. Casket, too, in its turn, probably will become odious to popular mawkish taste and be discarded for some other preposterous euphemism, and so the procession of substituted words in hope to mitigate the inevitable will move along until intelligent mankind learns that mitigation cannot be found in subterfuges but only in bravely facing the event and all its accompaniments, in words as well as deeds, for—

Console if you will, I can bear it,
'Tis a well meant alms of breath;
But not all the preaching since Adam
Has made Death other than Death.

Gold Mines

are very uncertain property; for every paying mine a hundred exist that do not pay. But if you write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, you will receive free, full particulars about their new business, and learn how some have made over $50 in a single day at it. You can live at home, and earn from $5 to $25 and upwards per day wherever you are located. Both sexes; all ages. Capital not required; you are started free. Send your address, and all will be proved to you.

The oal Strike.

Lawyer—"How much for carrying in that coal, Uncle Rastus?" Uncle Rastus—"One dollar, sah." Lawyer—"A dollar! That's too much." Uncle Rastus—"Yo' mus' b'ae in mln', sah, dat it tuk yeahs of ha'd experience befo' I wuz cognizant ter carry in coal. My poo' ole fadder an' mudder, sah, mus' a licked me thousand times when dey wuz l'arnin' me ter carry coal. Hit's like de law business, boss, yuse got ter ch'ge for educashun."

Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing and performs the work of the natural Drum. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Illustrated book of testimonials free. Address, F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Name paper.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

THE CHALLENGE.

BY J. T. KENOWER.

Slowly o'er the distant mountain sinks the
glowing sun to rest,
Gilding with its lingering splendor the horizon
of the west;
And the twilight, softly falling over forest, field
and hill,
Brings the hour of peace and comfort, bidding
all the world be still.

Save the faint and hollow murmur of the distant waterfalls,
Or some bird returning homeward, to its mate a greeting calls;
Save the far-off drowsy tinkle from the herd upon the hill,
All the sounds at length grow fainter, nature sleeps—the world is still.

Now are seen amid the darkness fires glowing warm and bright,
For beside the Rappahannock two great armies meet to-night;
On its banks they build their fires, on the sod their arms they lay;
On one bank the Blue are camping, on the other side the Gray.

Soon there comes from o'er the river strains of music lond and grand;
'Tis the sound of martial measure from the Union army's band;
And "We'll Rally Round the Flag, Boys," was the soul-inspiring air.

Now at length the strain is ended, and the army of the Gray
Quick the challenge has accepted, but another air they play;
"The Bonnie Blue Flag" in lively measure, with its notes as sweet and clear,
Giving hope to every soldier, driving from them thoughts of fear.

Then again from o'er the river, from the gallant boys in Blue,
Came the notes of "Hail Columbia," loud and joyous, firm and true,
Swelling like the voice of nations, borne on wings of music grand:
Born within the hearts of freemen, uttered by the Union band.

Scarcely has the lingering echo, from the mountain died away,
When "Away Down South in Dixie," from the army of the Gray,
Speaks their dearest wish and purpose; tells of hopes as strong and true,
As were those so dearly cherished by the army of the Blue.

Sweet the sound of martial music, floating on the evening air;
Terrible the dark forebodings that their lively measures bear;
To the ear it brings its beauty, to the heart the fear
Thus together joy and sadness blended in the same refrain.

All is hushed. The silvery rippling of the river flowing near,
And perhaps the faggots crackling are the only sounds they hear;
Not the faintest echo answers from the hills now lost to view,
All are waiting for the answer, from the army of the Blue.

But within one soldier's bosom there is borne a gentler strain,
And his comrades untrained voices join him in the sweet refrain.
But if fears and fateful challenge has no thought of party pride,
For its visions are of loved ones, and the hallowed fireside.

"Home, Sweet Home," the notes float upward, out upon the quiet night,
Others now have caught the meaning, and their voices swell the strain;
As the chorus still is swelling every voice prolongs the lay,
Rendered by the word and music from both the Blue and Gray.

Fuller, stronger grows the music, swelling upward through the air,
Even to the gates of heaven, and perhaps it enters there,
Where the notes are sweetly blended with angelic singers lay,
Blending, all in one grand chorus, there is known no Blue, no Gray.

The song is o'er, the closing measure softly, now has died away;
But we hear no challenge further from the Blue or from the Gray,
For the theme so aptly fitted to each weary soldiers' heart
Brooks the thought of civil warfare, and no words of hate impart.

As each soldier, worn and weary, on his humble couch is laid;
Somethings in his rugged features takes away the powder stain.
Can it be the dews from heaven, falling on the sleepers' face?
Or do tears that mediscovered down the soldier's features trace?

Gossip Among the Boys.

We are indebted to Mrs. A. E. McConnahey, of Morocco, Ind., for copies of old songs.

Horace Cook, of Co. B, 9th

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department must be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with.

When You and I Were Young, Maggie.

Published by Request.

I wandered to-day to the hill, Maggie,
To watch the sunset's advance,
The creek and the creaking old mill, Maggie,
As we used to, long ago.
The green grove has gone from the hill, Maggie,
Where first the daisies sprung,
The creaking old mill is still, Maggie,
Since you and I were young.

Chorus.

And now we are aged and gray, Maggie,
And the trials of life nearly done;
Let us sing of the days that are gone, Maggie,
When you and I were young.

A city so silent and lone Maggie,
Where the young and the gay and the best,
In polished white mansions of suffering, Maggie,
Have each found a place of rest.
Is built where the birds used to play, Maggie,
And join in the songs that were sung;
For we sang as gay as they, Maggie,
When you and I were young.

They say I am feeble with age, Maggie,
My steps are less firm and sprightful than then;
My face is a well written page, Maggie,
But Time alone was the pen.
They say we are aged and gray, Maggie,
As sprays by the wilful breakers flung;
But to me you are fair as you were, Maggie,
When you and I were young.

"Suckers"—Mound-Builders.

M. W., Leaf River, Mich.:

1. Why are the people born in the state of Illinois called "Suckers"? 2. Can you give a short history of the Mound-Builders?

1. Because in early days the pioneers, in crossing the prairies, sucked the water from crawfish holes with straws or hollow reeds. 2. This ancient and unknown people left remains of settled life, and of a certain degree of civilization, in the valleys of the Mississippi and its tributaries; but we have no definite means for them either as a nation or a race. The name "Mound-Builders" has been suggested by an important class of their works. These mounds were constructed with intelligence and great labor. The great mound at Grave Creek, W. Va., is 70 feet high, and 1,000 feet in circumference at the base; but generally the mounds range from six to thirty feet in height.

Combinations of the square and circle are common in these ancient works, and the figures are always perfect. Careful study of what is shown in the many reports of these ancient remains seem plainly to authorize the conclusion that the Mound-Builders once covered the country at the south, and began their settlements near the gulf. Here they must have been very numerous, while their works at every point on the line of their distribution, north, east and west, indicate a much less numerous border population. Remains of their works have been traced through a great extent of country. They are found in West Virginia, and are spread through Michigan, Wisconsin and Iowa to Nebraska. No other united people previous to our time can be supposed to have occupied so large an extent of territory in this part of North America. It can be seen, without long study of their works, that the Mound-Builders had a certain degree of civilization which raised them far above the condition of savages.

No savage tribe found here by Europeans could have constructed the embankments, such as those of the Mound-Builders. It is abundantly evident that there were large towns at such places as Newark, Circleville, and Marietta, in Ohio. Solitary mounds are found only four years later. He was a classmate of Nathaniel Hawthorne. After leaving college he studied law for a time in his father's office, but was not contented, as his talents were decidedly in a literary direction. He was appointed professor of modern languages at Bowdoin college, and made a journey to Europe in 1826, to qualify himself for the position. He continued about twenty-four years, traveling in Germany, Italy, France and Spain, and studying the language and literature of each country. In 1831 he was married. He kept his position at Bowdoin almost five years. He was then elected to the chair of Belles-Lettres at Harvard, upon the resignation of Prof. Ticknor. He again visited Europe, and remained somewhat over one year. In 1835, while at Rotterdam, he encountered the news of his wife. He entered upon his duties at Harvard in 1837, and while there he gave to the world those works which determined his reputation as America's greatest poet.

In 1843 he was again married. The same year he bought the old Craigie house at Cambridge, of Revolutionary fame. After holding his position at Harvard a number of years he resigned, in order to devote himself entirely to his literary labors. He passed the remainder of his life at his home in Cambridge, where he died, after a short illness, March 24, 1882. 2. At almost any bookstore. Write to Brown, Eager & Hull, Toledo, O.

Prof. Huxley—Dean Swift.

A. W., Severy, Kan.:

1. Give a biography of Prof. Huxley. 2. Also of Dean Swift. 3. Tell all you can concerning Free Masonry.

1. Huxley was born at Ealing, Middlesex, in 1825; was educated at Ealing, near London, and after studying medicine, he entered the royal navy, in 1846; as assistant surgeon on board the Rattlesnake, he made a valuable collection of marine animals and gathered materials for scientific papers, the publication of which had the effect of making their author known throughout Europe. He was elected a fellow of the Royal Society in 1851, and in the following year was awarded a gold medal for the services which he had rendered to science. In 1854 he became professor of natural history in the Royal School of Mines, and in 1872, was lord rector of the university of Aberdeen. In 1858 he delivered his celebrated lecture on the theory of the vertebrate skull. He served for several years on the London school board, where he was chairman of the committee which drew up the scheme of education adopted in the board schools, and became conspicuous by his opposition to denominational teaching.

2. Jonathan Swift, satirist and political writer, was born in Ireland but of English descent. He was educated at Trinity college, Dublin, and in 1688 went to England, where he was ordained and obtained the prebend of Kilroot, worth about £100 a year. Disappointed of preferment in England, he accompanied the Earl of Berkely to Ireland, but met with no better success. At the accession of Queen Anne, Swift embarked into politics, went to London, and became associated with the leaders of the Whig party. He published a series of powerful and amusing satires and masterpieces of irony. Failing to obtain preferment, he went over to the Tories, and in 1713 was promoted to the deanery of St. Patrick's, Dublin. The death of Queen Anne closed all his prospects, and completely embittered his temper. He was for some time very unpopular in Dublin, but came at last to be revered as an oracle.

After the publication of "The Travels of Captain Samuel Gulliver," in 1726, he lived a very retired life, and wasted much of his time in literary trifles, which were unworthy of his pen. In 1736 he was attacked with a dangerous illness, and was afterwards subject to attacks of insanity, ending in speechless imbecility. He bequeathed £10,000 to found a hospital for insane persons. Notwithstanding his coarse and sometimes fierce manner, Swift appears to have possessed remarkable power of gaining the affections of women of beauty and culture, exercising over them an extraordinary fascination. In one instance, he consented to a private marriage, under the stipulation of perpetual secrecy, but never lived with his wife, who is said to have died broken-hearted. Another charming and accomplished girl, daughter of a Dutch merchant, followed him about, and hardly opposed marriage, which he refused, and she pined away and died. Swift was hampered by a profession for which he knew himself to be unfitted.

3. If you want to find out all about Free Masons, join one of their lodges.

Bull Run.

G. W. H., McLouth, Kan.:

Please give a short account of the battles of Bull Run.

At the first battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861, the first really important battle of the war, Beauregard commanded the Confederate, and McDowell the Union forces. The roads from Washington to the scene of action were lined with carriages full of people anxious to witness the attack. The fighting was fierce and terrible. After a time the Confederate lines gave way, and were driven back a mile and a half to a high plateau. On this vantage ground the retreating troops turned at bay, and the struggle was recommenced. They were supported by the brave general, Stonewall Jackson.

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon both sides were becoming exhausted. Victory was almost within McDowell's grasp, when 5,000 fresh Confederates, who had been held by Johnston at Winchester, arrived upon the field. They struck the Union lines with such force that they recoiled, broke, and scattered in confusion, and the battle ended in a rebel victory. The Confederate loss was 378 killed, 1,489 wounded, and 30 missing. The total Union loss was about 3,000 men, 28 guns, and 6,000 muskets.

The second battle of Bull Run was fought August 29 and 30, 1862. The Union forces were commanded by Pope, who was striving to reach Washington, after his defeat at Cedar Mountain. Jackson cut off the railroad, and the Federals pushed to Manassas, where Jackson captured a vast depot of stores of all descriptions. Lee's whole army now came up, and for two days engaged Pope's forces in the second bloody battle of Bull Run. The Federals were soon in disastrous rout from the field. Lee's medical director makes the rebel losses in the two days' fighting on Manassas Plains 1,090 killed, and 6,154 wounded. Probably the Union losses from Cedar Mountain to Chantilly did not fall short of 15,000 men; while Pope's, if one include that by stragglers who never rejoined their regiments, must have been fully double that number.

Miscellaneous.

J. W., Mondovi, W. T.:

Did England ever pay the fine laid upon her for the part she took against us in the late war? Yes.

W. H. W., Scotland, Ill.: The BLADE does not keep the books you name. "Cushing's Manual," which any bookseller will order for you, contains all the information you need.

Reader, Zanesville, Ind.:

Give the title of some book designed to assist a beginner in the calling of auctioneer.

Inquire in the calling of auctioneer.

G. O. D., Conover, O.:

Was a tax, for the purpose of building the National Soldiers' home in Washington, ever levied on the City of Mexico? If so, why?

Reader, Strawberry Point, Ia.:

We have noticed a question in our town as to whether the inhabitants of Washington, D. C., vote for President or not.

They do not.

E., Waldo, Wis.:

Please tell where the Alsatian mountains are situated.

They are whatever mountains may be in the province of Alsace.

H. V. G., Mt. Vernon, Dak.: The samples you send are the fossil spines of some reptile of the period geologic age. You should carefully collect all the bones, spines, scales, etc., found together, and send to some college.

Sub., Ogden, Mich.:

1. Please give me the name of our consul in the old city of Jerusalem. 2. What the postage in a letter would be.

1. N. J. Arbeely. 2. Five cents.

J. H., Ness City, Kan.:

1. How should a letter be directed when sending to the Agricultural department? 2. Should a blank deed need be specified?

1. Commissioner of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. 2. Yes.

O. M. M., Marvine, N. Y.:

To whom shall I write to find out about some money that was deposited in the Bank of Ireland about 40 years ago?

To the American consul, George W. Savage, Belfast, Ireland.

Sub., Wasco, Ore.:

1. Please give a full description of the Congo Free state. 2. How can one address a letter so the United States consular agent will get it?

1. Given a few weeks ago. 2. In care of King Leopold, at Brussels.

J. G., Eyota, Minn.:

What works treat on the construction of telescopes, or optical instruments, and of what publishers can they be had?

There are numerous works. Write to Brown, Eager & Hull, Toledo.

B. H., Tower Hill, Ill.: We cannot take space to give you the names of the editors of the papers you mention. You can go to any newspaper office in the country and examine a newspaper directory, which will give you all the information you asked for.

M. S. B., Ottawa, Ill.:

Can you find the text of the treaty between the United States and England concerning the giving notice of a certain number of days before either party can build war vessels on the lakes?

Never heard of such a treaty.

S. C., Mauricetown, N. J.:

What is the exact material and the manner or process of cleaning soiled lambskin aprons, such as are worn by Free Masons?

Respectfully referred to our army of correspondents.

Private, Bryan, O.:

Can the state militia be taken out of the state of Ohio?

They are not supposed to be liable to do duty outside the state, but in case of foreign invasion, they are probably subject to duty would probably have to go where ordered.

During the war Gen. Scott levied contributions on Mexican cities, and it was with the unexpended balance of these contributions that the home was established, in 1851. It is supported mainly by a levy of 12½ cents on the monthly pay of soldiers of the regular army.

J. T. G., Junction, Idaho:

Please give me the information you can about the Dover Strait Tunnel.

There is no tunnel under the straits of Dover. The matter has been talked of, and preliminary soundings have been made, but it has gone no further.

N. S., Deederburg, Ind.:

1. Are the wooden butter dishes used by grocery men to sell butter on a patented article? 2. Where can the machine or machines for the manufacture of them be found?

1. Think it is. 2. There is a manufactory at Delta, O.

Reader, Glasgow, O.:

1. Please describe the process of copying letters. 2. Where can the best be had?

1. Described recently. 2. An island of the Netherlands, in the North sea; area, 74 square miles; population about 7,000. It contains several villages, the most important of which is Burg.

J. H. H., Holton, Kan.:

Did the ancients have any process for manufacturing steel? If so, how did it differ from the modern process?

They undoubtedly had some method of manufacturing iron, but the process is not known. Their razors, etc., appear to have been made from horn.

D. E., Rochester, Ind.:

Can you tell me where I can get a list of railroads now in course of construction west of Indiana and south of the Ohio river, or will you please name a few in the Question Bureau?

We have not a list at hand. Write to some railway periodical.

M. T. S., Oskaloosa, Iowa:

1. Please tell me when postal cards came into use. 2. When did Vice President Wilson die? How many Vice Presidents have died in office?

1. The first were issued in May, 1873. 2. November 22, 1875, aged 63 years. 3. Five —George Clinton, Elbridge Gerry, William R. King, Henry Wilson, and Thomas A. Hendricks.

Sub., New Haven, Ind.:

1. Is there such a word as Xenia? If so state the meaning. 2. Is the town in Ohio spelled Xenia or Xenie?

1. Yes; pictures of still life, fruit, fish, etc., many of which have been found as decorations on the walls of houses in Pompeii. 2. Xenia; do not know of any such word as Xenie.

C. S. K., Adrian, Mich.:

When was gold the highest, and how high was it?

According to the officially published quotations of the gold market in New York, the currency price of $100 gold reached its maximum July 11, 1864, the quotations for that day ranging from $276 to $285. The average price of $100 gold for the month of July, 1864, was $258.10.

C. E. J., North Platte, Neb.:

Please describe how horns are polished.

Having scraped the horn perfectly smooth and level, rub it with very fine sandpaper or Dutch rushes; repeat the rubbing with a bit of felt dipped in very finely powdered charcoal with water, and, lastly, with rotten-stone or putty-powder; and finish with a piece of soft wash-leather, damped with a little sweet oil; or, still better, rub it with sub-nitrate of bismuth by the palm of the hand.

Subscriber, Indiana:

1. Can the knowledge of short hand writing be learned from books without a teacher? 2. If it can be so acquired, will you please inform me which are the suitable books to be consulted? 3. Where may they be purchased?

1. Yes, but it takes much longer. Don't enter on the study unless you want to put in two or three years of solid study upon it. 2. Either Munson's, Pitman's or Graham's. 3. Brown, Eager & Hull, Toledo, O.

Reader, Monroe Mills, O.:

1. How and by whom was the name "Lake School" given to Wordsworth and his friends? 2. What process would Matthew Arnold choose as showing most perfectly Wordsworth's "unique power"? 3. What rank as a poet does Lowell assign Wordsworth?

1. By the Edinburgh *Review*, about the beginning of the century, because a "brotherhood of poets haunted for some years about the Lakes of Cumberland." 2. Do not know. 3. First class, we think.

L. L. S., Dover, Ills.:

In a recent vote to amend the by-laws, there were 30 members present; 14 voted in favor of the amendment, 7 voted against the amendment, the remaining 9 declining to vote. Was the motion carried or lost? The following is an article of the by-laws: "These by-laws may be amended by a two-third vote of the members present."

The Bureau decides that the motion was lost, but you will probably do as you please about the matter.

E. B. S., Atlanta, Ill.:

When a foreigner comes to this country with small boys and takes out naturalization papers, does that include his boys, or will they have to take out papers when old enough?

The children of duly naturalized persons, if minors at the time, and residing in the United States, become citizens without taking out papers to that effect. If an alien should die after having declared his intention, his widow and children may become citizens, by taking the oath which the alien himself would have taken.

F. S. S., Tiffin, O.:

1. When were the following made part of the cabinet: Postmaster general, secretary of the Interior, and secretary of the Navy? 2. Where was Maxwell, the murderer of Preller, arrested? 3. If a governor would refuse to grant a requisition for a criminal, what course would be taken to secure the criminal?

1. Postmaster general, in 1829; secretary of the Interior, 1849; secretary of the Navy, 1798. 2. St. Louis. 3. Proceedings before the Supreme court of the state to compel the governor to do his duty.

S. P. S., Pittsburg, Kans.:

1. What does the Christian era date from? 2. Why are sailors called "tars"? 3. Can you give the poetry beginning "Pity the Sorrows of a Poor Old Man"?

1. The Christian era commenced with A. D. 1, then the first century went on one, two, three, etc., up to 100, A. D. 100 being the last year of the first century. 2. Because they wear hats and clothes covered with paint or tar, to render them waterproof. 3. Perhaps in a week or so. There are several poems awaiting their turn, asked for some time since.

C. R. B., Woodward, S. C., writes: "In your answer on marriage and divorce laws, you did not mention South Carolina among the states in which no license is required."

J. A. T., Hollow Rock, Tenn., writes: "I don't know that you want to be bothered with any more with the John A. Murrell matter, but will say that the article about the finding of the cave, skeletons, etc., which was published in the Huntington *Republican*, was all a hoax, and was written by J. Matt Neely, now representing this county in the Tennessee Legislature. I have seen what was said to be the skeleton of John A. Murrell, in the museum of the Vanderbilt University at Nashville, Tenn."

Reader, White Sulphur Springs, Mont.:

Please describe the Sandwich Islands, climate, productions, etc.

They consist of eleven islands, the united area being about 6,100 square miles. In climate they differ very little from the West India islands, though they are more temperate. Their inhabitants are doubtless of the same race with those of New Zealand. The products are coffee, sugar, tobacco, arrowroot, cocoa, jamai, whaling, sandal-wood, and timber. Game is very abundant, and the woods are filled with large droves of pigs. Population about 110,000. These islands are frequented by whaling ships, and all except two are inhabited.

I. L. T., Greenville, Mo.:

1. Has there ever been any change in the District of Columbia since first ceded to the United States government by Maryland and Virginia? 2. How do the citizens of the District vote for President?

1. The national government ceded the Virginia portion back to that state. 2. They don't vote at all for President. The President isn't elected by a vote of the people, but by electors. The people of each state choose as many electors as the state has senators and representatives in Congress, and they can vote for whom they please for President. The territories and the District of Columbia do not choose electors, because the constitution provides only for the choice of electors by states.

H. K. W., Manistique, Mich.:

1. Please give an account of the dark day, so called, telling the date, the duration and effects. 2. Please give an account of the great shower of stars that occurred about the year 1833.

1. A "dark day" occurred in New England, October 12, 1780. Another "dark day" occurred at Detroit, Mich., October 19, 1762. Ashes rain fell, which is said to have been of a dirty, sulphurous smell. Another "dark day" occurred in New England, and to some extent in other parts of the country, May 19, 1785. A "dark day" occurred in Canada October 16, 1783. There may have been other "dark days," but we can find no record of them. 2. Just imagine that you see shooting stars in every direction, and it will answer every purpose.

E. J. B., Talmage, Mo.:

1. Was Fitz John Porter one of the attorneys in the Guiteau trial? 2. Please give the nickname of each state in the Union. 3. Please give a sketch of the life of Dennis Long.

1. No; it was John K. Porter, of New York. 2. Given a short time ago. 3. Born at Fredericksburg, Pa., August 25, 1796; engaged in commercial pursuits in South America from 1821 to 1847, when he went to California, invested in real estate, and accumulated a large fortune; in 1874 he assigned $2,000,000 from his estate to trustees for various public and philanthropic purposes, including $700,000 for a telescope and other apparatus for an observatory previously founded by him at Lake Tahoe; $300,000 for a school of mechanical arts in California; $250,000 for a public monument; $150,000 for public baths in Sacramento; $150,000 for a monument to Francis Scott Key, the author of "The Star-Spangled Banner," and large sums to several benevolent societies in San Francisco.

Sub., North Fairfield, O.:

Inform me how to make a hektograph or copying pad, and give directions how to use, and recipe for hektograph ink.

Procure one-quarter of a pound of white glue and two pounds glycerine. Place the white glue in a bowl and add first water enough to cover it, letting it stand over night. The next day pour off all the water and add the glycerine. Place the bowl in a dish containing boiling water and boil until the glycerine and glue become one fluid mass. Then place a shallow square tin dish, large enough to admit one page of the paper you wish to copy on, and let it harden. Write any letter which you wish to copy several times in the usual manner, except with hektograph ink, then place the written side down upon the hektograph for a few seconds, then remove and a copy of it will be upon the hektograph, from which 50 to 100 copies may be taken by simply laying a sheet of paper on the copy. When through copying, wash off the copy with a sponge or rag. We have no recipe at hand for the ink, but it can be ordered through Brown, Eager & Hull, Toledo, O.

D. R., Richland Center, Wis.:

Will you kindly furnish all the information you can in regard to the different ways of canning tomatoes in common tin cans?

To can fresh fruit or tomatoes, procure a sufficient number of tin cans of suitable size, fill them quite full with the fruit, and solder them secure y. Next pierce a small pin-hole in the top of each can, to allow the air to be expelled; place the cans in a boiler as deep as the cans are high, pour boiling water into the boiler until within one-half inch of the top of the cans; keep the water hot over a moderate fire, but not boiling, until the air ceases to escape from the cans, and then seal the air-holes with solder before removing the cans from the water. The cans should then be taken out, wiped dry, and allowed to cool; when cold, if the cans have been closed perfectly air-tight, the vacuum inside will cause the bottom and top of the cans to become concave or hollowed inwards.

E. L. Degraff, O.:

1. Where are the Fugean Islands, and to what country do they belong? 2. Will the laws of Ohio permit a man, who resides in Ohio, to invest in a lottery?

1. Fuga island belongs to the Babuyan group of islands of volcanic origin, just north of Luzon, latitude 19 deg. north; longitude 122 deg. 20 min. east. They belong to Spain. 2. Following is the state law on the subject: "Whoever vends, sells, barters, or in any way disposes of any ticket, order or device of any kind, for or representing any number of shares or any interest in any lottery, policy, or scheme of chance of any kind or description by whatever name, style, or title, the same be denominated or known, whether located, or to be drawn, paid, or carried on within or without this state, shall be fined not more than $500 or imprisoned not more than six months, or both. Whoever publicly or privately, as owner or agent, establishes, opens, sets on foot, carries on, promotes, makes, draws, or sets as backer or vender, for or on account of, or is in any way concerned in, or aids in any scheme or chance of any kind or description by whatever name, style, or title, the same may be denominated or known, whether located or to be drawn, paid, carried on within or without this state, or by any of the means aforesaid, exposes or sets to sale anything of value, shall be fined not more than $500 nor less than $50, and imprisoned not more than ninety nor less than ten days."

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Of failing health, whether in the form of Night Sweats and Nervousness, or in a sense of General Weariness and Loss of Appetite, should suggest the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This preparation is most effective for giving tone and strength to the enfeebled system, promoting the digestion and assimilation of food, restoring the nervous forces to their normal condition, and for purifying, enriching, and vitalizing the blood.

Failing Health.

Ten years ago my health began to fail. I was troubled with a distressing Cough, Night Sweats, Weakness, and Nervousness. I tried various remedies prescribed by different physicians, but became so weak that I could not go up stairs without stopping to rest. My friends recommended me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I did, and I am now as healthy and strong as ever. — Mrs. E. L. Williams, Alexandria, Minn.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, that it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease. I have also prescribed it as a tonic, as well as an alterative, and must say that I honestly believe it to be the best blood medicine ever compounded.—W. F. Fowler, M. D., D. D. S., Greenville, Tenn.

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It would be impossible for me to describe what I suffered from Indigestion and Headache up to the time I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was under the care of various physicians, and tried a great many kinds of medicines, but never obtained more than temporary relief. After taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for a short time, my headache disappeared, and my stomach performed its duties more perfectly. To-day my health is completely restored. — Mary Harley, Springfield, Mass.

I have been greatly benefited by the prompt use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It tones and invigorates the system, regulates the action of the digestive and assimilative organs, and vitalizes the blood. In short, this is, of all the most reliable blood purifier yet discovered. — H. D. Johnson, 383 Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. ††

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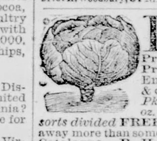

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THE BLADE'S SCISSORINGS.

Bernhardt will look well in Washington. She has no surplus to reduce.

Miss Mildred Lee, daughter of Gen. Robert E. Lee, is visiting in Washington.

Gen. Sherman smokes a briar-root pipe which solaced him during the march through Georgia.

Prince Alexander, of Battenberg, the deposed Bulgarian ruler, is seriously ill with gastric fever.

Mrs. James Brown Potter will surely make her debut as a professional actress in New York in the fall.

Joe Pulitzer and Joe Howard have arbitrated their differences, and all is serene at the *World* office again.

There were exported last season from Prince Edward Island 1,000 cases of lobsters, most of them to Europe.

"They never throw anything away in New England," T. B. Aldrich says; "they always put it up in the attic."

Gen. Wolseley will have an article in the March number of Macmillan's *Magazine*, eulogistic of Gen. Robert E. Lee.

Henry Watterson has become a total abstainer, declared the life of Dennis Long, of Louisville, a model of temperance, and turns down his wine-glasses at dinner parties.

The oldest ex-cabinet officer now living is historian Bancroft, who was Pres. Polk's secretary of the navy 42 years ago.

William Wayne, president of the Philadelphia society of the Cincinnati, is a grandson of the famous Mad Anthony Wayne.

Mr. Beecher, in advising students to pursue their studies by day, says "the worst oil is a million times better than the midnight oil."

Cardinal Newman celebrated his 86th birthday Monday, and received a great many presents, including several from America.

Miss Fortescue says that Washington is the most beautiful and Pittsburg the most horrid city in America. She met Mrs. Langtry in Pittsburg.

Mrs. Logan will continue to make her home in Washington as long as her daughter and son-in-law, Maj. Tucker, are there, which will be about three years.

A girl has just been arrested in New York for stealing the watch and jewelry of a friend, and that friend's name is Mabel Gold, who had pawned them to get money to bury her mother.

A young man who attended the Land League fair at Hudson, N. Y., says the young ladies coaxed him to spend all the money he had with him, and then to borrow from them and spend more.

Because a young actress (Miss Bouicault,) in Boston the other night got frightened while delivering lines, it being her first appearance on any stage, the cultured audience hissed her off the stage and scared her into an attack of hysterics. Modesty, and the embarrassment which it sometimes produces, finds a sympathy among the classic play-goers of Beanopolis.

There have been vague rumors in the air for some time regarding Sec. Bayard's matrimonial intentions. A correspondent goes so far as to assert that Mr. Bayard intends to marry Miss Sophie D. Markoe, a clerk in the state department. She is a tall, beautiful girl, highly connected, and moves in the best Washington society circles. She has a salary of $1,200. It was noticed at the last Presidential reception that Miss Markoe was one of the specially invited guests.

—It outrivals all—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Wise Florida Buzzards.

On the coldest morning of our late disagreeable spell of weather, the fishermen built a large fire on a point projecting into the river from East Palatka, and, after warming themselves, went on with their fishing and left the fire burning. Returning after a time they were surprised to see a group of seven fifty or sixty buzzards standing around the fire, kicking up all sorts of antics. Not understanding such proceedings the boats were rowed up pretty close, and the occupants watched the birds for some time. It was a very cold morning, and the birds would stand with one side to the fire until it was warm, and then they would deliberately turn around and warm the other side. Those on the outside of the group would get so eager to get within the warmth of the fire that they frequently crowded the birds on the inside nearly into the flames, and the struggle waged fiercely and bitterly for advantageous positions.—*Palatka (Fla.) News.*

Heaps of Trouble on the President's Mind.

The President is postponing the appointment of the Inter-State Commerce commissioners in order to give his time to the consideration of legislative measures. He has not selected a single man for the commission yet, in spite of continuous reports to the contrary. He now has on his hands the appointment of a secretary and assistant secretary of the treasury, a treasurer of the United States, a sub-treasurer at New York, five railroad commissioners, and a minister to Turkey and another to Austria. Probably he will have a public printer to appoint, also, as Mr. Benedict is pretty sure to be rejected.

With all this accumulation of complexities, and Gov. Hill growing daily more bumptious and ambitious, Mr. Cleveland's lot is not to be envied.—*Providence Journal.*

Useful and Hurtful Medicines.

There is a certain class of remedies for constipation absolutely useless. These are boluses and potions made in great part of podophyllin, aloes, rhubarb, gamboge, and other worthless ingredients. The damage they do to the stomachs of those who use them is incalculable. They evacuate the bowels, it is true, but always do so violently and profusely, and besides gripe the bowels. Their effect is to weaken both them and the stomach. Better far to use the agreeable and salutary aperient, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the laxative effect of which is never preceded by pain, or accompanied by a convulsive, violent action of the bowels. On the contrary, it invigorates these organs, the stomach and the entire system. As a means of curing and preventing malarial fevers, no medicine can compare with it, and it remedies nervous debility, rheumatism, kidney and bladder inactivity, and other inorganic ailments.

BLACK WOLF!

Or Black Leprosy, is a disease which is considered incurable, but it has yielded to the curative properties of SWIFT'S SPECIFIC—now known all over the world as S. S. S. Mrs. Bailey, of West Somerville, Mass., near Bond, has suffered several years ago with this hideous black eruption, and was treated by the best medical talent, who could only say that the disease was a species of

LEPROSY

and consequently incurable. It is impossible to describe her sufferings. Her body from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet was a mass of decay, masses of flesh rotting off and leaving great cavities. Her fingers festered and three or four nails dropped off at one time. Her limbs contracted by the fearful ulceration, and for several years she did not leave her bed. Her weight was reduced from 125 to 60 lbs. Perhaps some faint idea of her condition can be gleaned from the fact that three pounds of Cosmoline or ointment were used per week in dressing her sores. Finally the physicians acknowledged their defeat by this Black Wolf, and commended the sufferer to her all-wise Creator.

Her husband hearing wonderful reports of the use of SWIFT'S SPECIFIC (S. S. S.), prevailed on her to try it as a last resort. She began its use under protest, but soon found that her system was being relieved of the poison, as the sores assumed a red and healthy color, as though the blood was becoming pure and active. Mrs. Bailey continued S. S. S. until last February; every sore was healed; she discarded chair and crutches, and was for the first time in twelve years a well woman. Her husband, Mr. Ira Bailey, is in business at 124½ Blackstone Street, Boston, and will take pleasure in giving the details of this wonderful cure. Send to us for Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases, mailed free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

AGENTS WANTED.

SALESMEN WANTED—Good pay. S. A. McOmber & Co., Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y.

Traveling Salesmen wanted at once; $30 a month and expenses. Address, with stamp, E. J. SMEAD & CO., East Wallingford, Vt.

$250 A MONTH. Agents wanted. 90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

WORK For all. $30 a week and expenses paid. Outfit worth $5 and particulars free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

LADY AGENTS can money withmy new Rubber Undergarment. Immense sales. MRS. E. S. LITTLE, Box 943, Chicago, Ill.

BURGLAR-Proof Door Fastener. New thing. Agents make $40 weekly. HOME SUPPLY CO., 16, CHICAGO, ILL.

$65 A MONTH and Board for three TEACHERS Students or live men in each county. P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., Philadelphia.

GOLD WATCH FREE to Every Agent selling our Cards. Send a 2-cent stamp for Samples and Outfit. THE DOMESTIC CO., Wallingford, Conn.

AGENTS WANTED (Samples FREE) for DR. SCOTT'S beautiful ELECTRIC CORSETS, BRUSHES, BELTS, &c. Best selling goods in the world. Liberal terms, satisfaction guaranteed. Dr. Scott, 842 Bdy, N.Y.

WANTED An unemployed person, either sex, in own locality, for the successful business of old established Toledo manufactory. Reference exchanged. AM. MFG. HOUSE, 14 Barclay St., N. Y.

EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN AT HOME An artistic needle and crochet work, city or country workers. Steady work to good workers. Smart Lady Agents wanted in every town. WESTERN LACE MANUF. CO., Incorporated. 218 STATE ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

$5 to $8 A DAY in your own town. Horse and outfit furnished. No peddling. Business strictly honorable. Reference required. Address at once, P. O. BOX 3031, Boston, Mass.

$5 to $8 A DAY in your own town. Horse and outfit furnished. No peddling. Business strictly honorable. Reference required. Address at once, P. O. BOX 3031, Boston, Mass.

$5 to $8 A DAY in the Nickel Tidy Holder. Every family buys them. Samples and Agents' price-list by mail 10c., in 2c. stamps. W. Hazelhurst & Co., Box C 5, Sandusky, O.

9 FINE OIL COLORED ILLUSTRATIONS, representing 1,000 cases of Lobsters, most of them to Europe. Agents' Outfit, 44 pieces, White Dinner Sets of 112 pieces, with $20 orders. Send 2c. stamp for circulars and full particulars. Premium List free. THE GOLDEN AGE TEA CO., 210 STATE ST., BOSTON, MASS.

CERTAIN AND BIG PROFITS. Agents Wanted Everywhere for the "Jewel Seam Ripper," An article which sells at sight. Big Commissions, and sales certain wherever there are women who sew. Samples 25 cents. For particulars address JEWEL MANUFACTURING CO., Toledo, O.

WE WANT YOU! A live energetic man in every county. Salary $75 per month and expenses, or allow a large commission. Goods staple. Every one buys. Outfit and particulars Free. STANDARD SILVERWARE CO., BOSTON, MASS.

AGENTS LOOK HERE E. J. MATHEWS, Stone Station, Mont., on Jan. 19 sold 27 Store Pipe Shelves. Profit $18.90. Wm. Servis, Pilot Hill, Ill., clearing $9.60 per day. Those are only samples. Circulars Free. J. E. SHEPARD & CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.

$100 Every Month We will guarantee to any one who is willing to work, or business in their locality, a salary as above. We have Agents who are clearing $15 a day, others $5 an evening. We furnish costly outfits free to those who engage with us. Profitable and permanent work we have something that can not be equalled. Write to us. Address, ELLS & CO., 161 LaSalle St., Chicago, Ills. Mention the Blade.

???? R U POOR? Do you know that we are anxious to send $5 worth of goods by mail to any person who will act as agent for us? Live men and women making large profits. Don't fail to write to us for full particulars and samples. Please do not use a postal. You can afford to send your correspondence in a sealed envelope. We will give us a chance. Now let us hear from you immediately. We will pay you to act without delay. Address Merrill Manufacturing Co., Box 1486, Portland, Me.

MATRIMONIAL PAPER. Contains nearly 200 advertisements from ladies and gentlemen wanting correspondents. Sent 3 mos. for 10c. Address Helping Hand, 70 LaSalle St., Chicago.

SMOKE TANSILL'S PUNCH 5c CIGAR

21,029,850 Tansill's Punch Cigars were shipped during the past two years, without a drummer in existence. No other house in the world can truthfully make such a showing. One agent (dealer only) wanted in each town. SOLD BY LEADING DRUGGISTS. R. W. TANSILL & CO., 55 State St. Chicago.

PATENTS.

PATENTS. F. A. LEHMANN, Solicitor of Patents, Washington, D. C. Send for Circular.

FINNEY & WHEELER. Procure Patents, prosecute and defend infringement cases. Inventors' Guide free. 94 Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.

PATENTS Obtained. H. W. T. Jomer, Patent Attorney,

TOLEDO BLADE.

Cheapest Paper in the World! Largest and Best Weekly Published!

TOLEDO BLADE Co., Publishers. D. R. LOCKE, Editor.

TERMS—Postage Paid:

Single copy, one year, $1.00; Six months, 60 cents; Three months, 30 cents; Clubs of 6, one year, $5.10. EVERY SEVENTH COPY FREE, or for a less number than seven, the agent may retain 10 per cent. commission in cash.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free, to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

☞ ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER.

Circulation Last Week, 103,000.

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE BLADE.

We call especial attention to the advertisement on the fifth page announcing the giving away, this winter, of something over $2,000 in premiums for raising clubs for the WEEKLY BLADE. No more liberal offer was ever made by any newspaper, and it should result in an enormous increase in the circulation of the BLADE—the Old Reliable Family Newspaper. Some one is going to get a $650 Piano, somebody is going to get a first-class Cabinet Organ, some one will get a first-class Singer Sewing Machine, and scores will receive other premiums, every one of which is of positive value. In addition to these extra premiums, every one who interests him, or her, self in the matter gets very liberal pay for what they do, whether they secure a premium or not.

Now what you want to do is to get our terms to agents, and get to work. Those who already have them, should commence on receipt of this number of the paper.

The awards of these extra Premiums will be made May first. The field is open to everybody, men, women and children, and the rewards are rich. A $650 Piano is not picked up every day, nor is any other of the beautiful articles we propose to give away. Begin your work now.

THE trade reports of the past week present no particularly remarkable features. The result of the German elections being interpreted to mean peace in Europe instead of war, wheat declined after it was announced, and the lowest price of the present crop year was touched on one occasion. The bad roads have had some effect on the distribution of goods, and there is a quietness ruling in most staples. The official January statement of our foreign trade shows that, with a large increase in exports of cotton, provisions and breadstuffs, there was a decrease over the same month last year of $1,600,000 in the value of minor exports, and the excess of merchandise exports over imports for the month was less than $20,000,000. Gold is again going to Europe. Railroad earnings are encouraging for the month, and west-bound tonnage was the largest since 1882, while east-bound was 10 per cent. over that of the same month last year. DUN'S report of business failures for the week is: For the United States, 186, and for Canada, 23; total, 209; compared with 261 last week, and 248 the corresponding week last year.

THE review of the business and industrial situation in *Bradstreet's* says that the latter was rather better for the past week, the average number of employes striking within ten days having dropped off one-half, as compared with a month prior thereto.

GEN. SHERIDAN wants a navy which will be the "cavalry of the sea;" that is, a fleet of well-armed, fast vessels which could strike suddenly and hard; and, as for cost defenses, "the boys could throw up earthworks in a few days which would be superior to the present brick and stone forts."

GEN. KEIFER is to deliver the address at the unveiling of the Garfield statue, at Washington, May 11, under the auspices of the Army of the Cumberland. Gen. KEIFER was a close friend of GARFIELD, is an excellent speaker, and his selection for the position is an eminently fit one.

A SUMMARY of the defense bills passed or forwarded toward passage by the Senate shows a total of $97,000,000. They are the following: Coast defenses, $21,000,000; steel cruisers, $21,000,000; guns and mortars, $10,000,000; armored ships, $15,000,000.

SEN. INGALLS is now President *pro tempore* of the Senate. The position has not the importance it once had, as its incumbent is not now in the succession of the presidency.

PRES. CLEVELAND is evidently trying to become more solid with the South, for during this Congress he has approved eight public bills, all South, and vetoed eight, all North, but one.

RANDALL, who is the best-informed man in Congress on the subject, says there will not be any extra session of that body.

THE bill for a new Cabinet position—that of secretary of Agriculture—appears to have little chance of getting through.

THE President is to have another chance to make more enemies among the soldiers, for Republican Congressmen, re-elected last fall, announce their determination to introduce early in the session of the next Congress a universal pension bill that will be still more embarrassing to GROVER than was the one he has just vetoed.

THE Senate investigation into election outrages in Texas has revealed at least this much, how the Democrats succeeded in piling up such phenomenal majorities in that state.

A LARGE tract of country, including valuable timber land, in Montana, will be opened up by the treaty with the Piegan Indians, by which they receive a new reservation and $1,500,000 in ten equal payments.

AS A GENERAL thing, the annual reports of the government officials are very dry reading, but Sec. MANNING has brought together a great many interesting facts in his annual report of the Treasury department, a bulky tome of over a thousand pages, just issued by the Government Printer. The fact that the daily revenue of the government is now greater than that of a whole year at the beginning of this century is a strong commentary upon the rapidity and substantiality of our growth.

THERE is more trouble in Cincinnati over whisky frauds. A second firm of distillers have been discovered putting whisky in thick-stave half-barrels. The stave directly opposite the bung-hole is made an inch or so thicker than the others. The United States gauger, in measuring the inside diameter of the barrel by means of a rod inserted in the bung-hole, strikes this thick stave and hence makes the contents of the half-barrel about a gallon less than it really contains. In a distillery the capacity of which is 200 barrels a day, the saving of one gallon from the government 90 cent tax makes the distillery the gainer by $180 daily.

THE Michigan Republicans have opened their campaign by the nomination of Judge JAMES V. CAMPBELL for the Supreme court, and Mrs. T. W. BUTTERFIELD and CHARLES HEBBARD for regents of the state minority. Judge CAMPBELL was renominated in the teeth of the threats made by his personal enemies and emissaries of the Democratic party that they had found a vulnerable place in his official and judicial armor and would slay him if his name was again presented to the people. The convention was a very large, able, and representative.

THE West Virginia legislature having adjourned without electing an United States Senator to succeed Mr. CAMDEN, the governor has appointed D. B. LUCAS, the leader of the anti-CAMDEN Democrats in the legislature. He is a free trader.

IT is now openly asserted in Washington that the President is paying off the Congressmen who voted against his pension veto, by vetoing every bill of which they are the authors. A pretty exhibition of presidential spite.

IT has been decided by the Gettysburg Battlefield Memorial association that all commemorative structures hereafter erected upon that historic field shall contain no material save genuine granite and real bronze. The monuments are desired to be as enduring as possible, and these two materials stand the wear and tear of time and weather better than anything else.

THE Kansas legislature has changed the name of St. John county, which was named after after the third party leader, to Logan county, after the grand old hero. A most wise change.

MRS. GEN. LOGAN has selected Jackson Park, Chicago, as the spot for the final interment of her husband's body. This is following the precedent set in GEN. GRANT'S case, but it is a vicious one. The nation's dead should rest in cemeteries, and their graves should not be made an attraction of a pleasure park.

THE representatives of the New England fishery interests, who were in convention at Gloucester, Mass., last week, have organized a National Fishery association, and adopted emphatic resolutions in favor of retaliatory legislation.

SUITS have been begun in the United States circuit court in New York, by the Bell Telephone company, against the Globe company, of Philadelphia, for an injunction to restrain the latter company from using telephones in violation of the Bell patent.

THE legislature of California is having a sensation in the revelations of the clerk of the House, who has charge of the files of bills awaiting action in that body, to the effect that he has been offered considerable sums of money to advance bills on the calendar, to lose some of them, and to make changes in others.

THE Ohio State Woman Suffrage association is making preparations for a grand convention in Cleveland in May.

THE case of "JAKE" SHARP, it is said, will be next on the list of "boodle" trials in New York.

POLITICAL matters in England are not improving. The Tory administration is vacillating in its policy toward Ireland, being one moment determined upon extreme coercion, and the next showing a disposition to compromise. Persistent efforts are being made to bring about a re-union between Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, but so far with no apparent outward result. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S last declaration was as uncompromising in tone towards Home Rule as at any time since the break in the Liberal party. Its effect has been to anger the Liberals more deeply than ever, and yet the meetings of Mr. GLADSTONE and himself socially are continued. It is certain that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN desires to succeed Mr. GLADSTONE as the leader of a united Liberal party, and the probabilities are that in time some common ground of meeting will be found. At present there seems to be dire confusion in the Liberal ranks. There is material enough in the House of Commons to overthrow the Tory government, if a basis could be found upon which it could unite.

THE German election resulted in favor of the government, and now it is stated that BISMARCK will strain every nerve to keep the peace. Germany, it is declared, will have no war in 1887, and yet she, like other nations, feels herself resting upon a powder magazine which a spark at any moment may cause to blow up. Russia is the dangerous factor in the case. She has many reasons for desiring war, and it is hard to tell when she may take some step that will start the conflagration. Because the danger of trouble between Germany and France has been passed by, peace is, by no means, assured.

THE elections in Canada last week resulted in a Conservative majority. The campaign was an exceedingly bitter one, and the result was entirely unexpected by the Liberals who were confident of victory. The government was charged with reckless extravagance and jobbery, and there is no doubt but that the financial burdens of the country have been greatly increased. Had not Sir JOHN MACDONALD been a most astute politician he must have been beaten, but he strained every nerve, securing the influence of the Catholic church in his favor, and using all the patronage at his disposal. Probably another factor in his success was his position with regard to the fisheries question, as it was in the provinces where that was the most important, that the secession party was strongest, and upon the vote of which the Liberals counted most.

THE first cable reports of the earthquake in South Europe gave no idea of the real magnitude of the disasters to life and property. The center of seismic activity was the Riviera—the coast-line of the Gulf of Genoa. It is covered with cities and villages, and the loss of life has been very great, probably aggregating between 1,500 and 1,800. The shock was noted by the instruments in the United States signal office at Washington in the 23d, traveling at the rate of about 500 miles per hour.

THE death of Cardinal JACOBINI removes the most noted, as well as the most capable, of Papal statesmen and politicians. Born in 1832, he was appointed by Pope PIUS IX. domestic prelate of the Vatican. He rose by successive steps to be secretary of the congregation (having in charge the affairs of the Eastern churches), one of the consultors of the Propaganda, Papal nuncio at Vienna, and finally cardinal in 1879. Pope LEO appointed him Papal secretary of state, which position he held at his death.

AN extensive plot has been discovered in Odessa for a Polish rising in the event of a Russo-German or Russo-Austrian war. Many imperial officers and officials are implicated, and twenty persons have been arrested.

ALTHOUGH the government of Germany was successful in the recent election, and the army administration is under imperial control for another seven years, it is a significant fact that the gain in the socialist vote in Berlin alone was 20,000.

PRINCE ALEXANDER, of Darmstadt, is said to be suffering from varioloid in its severest form. It is not now thought that he is in danger. The disease is believed to have been contracted in the harbor of Marseilles.

THE British steamship lines have decided to advance steerage rates from British ports to New York, to $20, an increase of 33 per cent.

PULVERIZING THE RUM POWER IN MICHIGAN.

The battle between the people and the Rum Power is on in Michigan. A prohibitory amendment to the state constitution has been submitted to the people by the state legislature, and the question whether Rum is stronger than the people will be decided by the battle of the ballots. The friends of the amendment recently selected a state central committee to have control of the campaign, which body met at Detroit recently and appointed an executive committee to carry on the active work.

Note the fact that the BLADE'S plan of non-partisan work for Prohibition was adopted for the amendment campaign in Michigan. The central committee recognized the fact that if the matter is made one of politics, defeat is assured. There are two things on which nearly every man is a bigot—politics and religion. Rouse this political bigotry, and the hope of success in Michigan is gone. Hence the central committee, in order that there might be no attempt to make political capital against the amendment by the devotees of the Rum Power, adopted the following resolution by an unanimous vote:

"WHEREAS, The Prohibition amendment campaign in Michigan is and should be a people's movement;

"*Resolved*, That the chairman of the state central committee this day appointed be instructed to at once proceed to a thorough organization of the state on a *strictly non-partisan* basis, using such means as in his judgment will best secure that end. That the committee recommend that the chairman communicate with the chairmen or secretaries in counties already appointed, and where conventions and conferences have not been held and committees appointed that he take active steps to secure the calling of such conventions or conferences by the people of each county, and, where necessary, that he appoint such agent or agents as may be needed for such purpose; and as members of this committee we each pledge our best efforts to supplement his action in the several counties and congressional districts."

It is the purpose of the executive committee to thoroughly organize every county in both peninsulas on a strictly non-partisan basis, have campaign funds raised by each county organization to carry on the fight, to have enough speakers to hold meetings in every village and school district in the state, and, in fact, to "carry the war into Africa." We congratulate the friends of Prohibition upon the active line of work laid down. The BLADE, which has a circulation of many thousands in Michigan, will lend all the aid in its power to further the work of carrying the amendment.

Nor are the advocates of Rum idle. The Rum Power is thoroughly alarmed. Its agencies are at work, and are raising money to corrupt the worst elements of the voting population—the men who find in a saloon their idea of a home, and in guzzling body-rot the highest form of earthly happiness. These men will be solid for Rum. So will be the men who make money out of the accursed traffic—who deal out liquid damnation to their fellow-men, in order that they may grow rich upon money filched from wretched wives and ragged, starving children. And numerically the forces of the Rum Devil make a formidable army. There are over 100 breweries in the state, representing a capital of over $6,000,000, and every man who in any way gets any money during the year for work for them will be argued, threatened and cajoled into voting against the amendment, if it can be done. There are between 5,000 and 6,000 of those breathing-holes of hell, the saloons, in the state. There is a vast army of the dirty, lazy, lying breed of political bummers, to whom the saloon is a congenial home, and whose occupation, such as it is, would be gone were the saloons to be exterminated. Add to these the vast army of quasi-respectable men who are more or less slaves to the Rum habit—the men who hide the tastes of a drunkard under a decent station in society—and it will be seen that the forces of the Rum Power are formidable in array. And these are backed by the entire Rum Power of the nation, which will pour out money like water to corrupt voters, commit fraud at the polls, and defeat the amendment, if it be possible to do so.

But on the other side are all the thinking, educated classes of the state; the Christian ministry, and the members of their congregations; all the elements which give tone to our civilization, and to whom the progress of the age is due. They are a mighty host, and they have the might of Right upon their side, in this contest with the Rum Power and the devils of appetite, sensuality, and avarice.

What is there in this infernal Rum, this drink of hell, this poisoned fount from which pours a stream of woe, and poverty, and misery, disease and death, that any man, not actuated by the narrowest and most selfish motives, should vote for the continuance of the traffic?

Already the Michigan papers are teeming with objections to the amendment; and the first phase of the contest is that the Rum Power and its minions are raising the cry of "personal liberty." It is said that it is an invasion of a sacred personal right to say to a man that he shall not have the opportunity of buying and drinking Rum, or that he shall not traffic in it. Let us look at this matter a little, and see what force there is in this argument.

The plea is made that to legislate against Rum is as unjust as to say that tea and coffee shall not be drank, and that no one shall sell them; or that flour shall not be sold, or butter, or any other staple article of food. It is declared that "free Americans are capable of governing themselves," and that a prohibition against Rum is an infringement of a personal right.

There are two points here to which we wish to call special attention: The first is, that Rum is not a food in any sense of the term, and that no parallel can be drawn between it and solid or liquid articles of food. It is a poison, and it is no more tyrannical to declare through law that no man shall sell Rum except by a proper prescription from a physician for medical use as it is to declare the same regarding morphia, or arsenic, or opium, or any other poison. Who would dare go before the people and howl "tyranny!" against the laws guarding these poisons from indiscriminate use? Rum belongs in the same category, and should be subject to the same restrictions.

Second, the argument that "free Americans are capable of governing themselves," is a specious one. If it were carried out to its legitimate conclusion, it would result in the ablition of all restrictive laws. It would assume that a man is capable of governing himself so that he shall not become an opium eater, and hence the law guarding the sale of this and all other noxious drugs, and which prevents the sale of opium except on a doctor's prescription, should be repealed. A man is capable of governing himself so that he will not steal; hence all laws against theft are tyrannical. A man is capable of controlling himself so that he will not attempt the taking of human life; hence all laws for the punishment of murder should be repealed. And so on, for quantity. The argument refutes itself. It proves too much and hence is worthless.

As regards the use of Rum, the fact is, a very large proportion of men are not capable of governing themselves at all. They drink moderately until the infernal Rum Thirst is fixed upon them, and then they become its most servile slaves. There is nothing this side of the torments of hell which can approach the torture this thirst inflicts upon its victim. To satisfy its cravings, men have lied, robbed, and murdered. When a man is fully under its domination, he would drink, were Rum placed before him, if he knew that the next moment his soul would be required of him. Once under its full control, the victim drinks and drinks until he is beggared and unfit for work or business, until his wife and family become objects of charity, and finally the grave closes over his bloated, Rum-sodden, dishonored carcass.

Is it an infringement of "personal liberty" to say that a small portion of the people of the state, for the mere sake of gain, shall not pursue an occupation which—

Is the cause of half the cases of insanity in our asylums;

Is the cause of three-fourths of all crime;

Which fills our prisons and penitentiaries with victims;

Which crowds our poor-houses with their wives and children;

Which adds enormously to our taxes in order to maintain a much larger police force than otherwise would be necessary, with additional courts and other machinery of the law;

Which is at war with morality and religion;

Which costs the country $700,000,000 a year;

And which has no good to recommend it?

No! and we have faith that the people of Michigan on April 4 next, in spite of the efforts of the saloon element, the drinking element, and all other elements that support this monster iniquity, will, by a round majority,

Pulverize the Rum Power.

OUR SPLENDID PREMIUMS.

If you have not done so already, examine our magnificent scheme of premiums and enter the lists for one of them. No matter whether you get a premium or not, you will be well paid for what you do, IN MONEY. You may reach the Piano, but whether or no, you can lose nothing, and are certain to make a welcome addition to your pocket money for the winter. Men or women, boys or girls, there is room for all. We want a good worker at every post-office. Send for our special terms to club-raisers, and learn what you can do, and what you will get for it

THE VETO SUSTAINED.

After a long debate in the House, the President's veto of the dependent pension bill was sustained. The question was, shall the bill pass, notwithstanding the President's veto? and the vote stood yeas 175, nays 125. Hence the bill failed, as it requires a two-thirds vote to pass a measure over a Presidential veto. This ends the matter for this Congress, but it is certain that the measure will come up again and again until the nation does justice to the unfortunate ones of the glorious army that saved the Union.

Among the various speeches made during the debate, there is none more noteworthy than that of BRAGG, of Wisconsin. He is the fellow that voiced that bit of bumptious bathos, "We love GROVER CLEVELAND for the enemies he has made," in the Democratic national convention at Chicago in 1884. The same rule seems to apply to BRAGG at present, for his speech showed that he loves CLEVELAND because the Union soldiers hate him. He made utterances upon the floor of the House that are vile slanders upon the ex-veterans. He stigmatized the 8,000 soldiers who are to-day in poor-houses as men who came from poor-houses when they went into the army, and when they were discharged they lapsed back into their old condition. This is an atrocious falsehood, and the blatant blatherskite knew it when he uttered it. He was talking at the House, but to the Southern brigadiers, when he made this statement.

This is plain from the fact that he coupled his libels upon the Union soldiers with the most fulsome praise of the ex-Confederates, whom he declared "are toiling day by day, exhibiting thrift, industry and energy never expected of them," while the Union ex-soldiers, who would have been beneficiaries of this bill, he declares to be lagging behind in idleness. Though BRAGG was a soldier himself, he deserves the severe remark made later in the discussion by Mr. HEPBURN, of Iowa, that he and WARNER, of Ohio, "are looked upon today, when they denounce their old comrades as vagabonds and the scum of humanity, as BENEDICT ARNOLD was."

Mr. MATSON, who closed the debate, made a most telling point on CLEVELAND. He produced a petition to Congress, drawn up in 1884, which asked that a pension of at least $8 a month should be granted to all honorably discharged soldiers of the Union army. Mr. MATSON created a genuine sensation when he read the following indorsement upon the petition:

"I am sure that the subject of this petition is worthy of the prompt and careful consideration of Congress, and the fullest justice should be done to the parties in whose interests this movement is made.

"GROVER CLEVELAND."

No wonder that cheer after cheer went up when the President himself was convicted of standing on both sides of this question. In 1884 he indorsed a petition to pension all soldiers, irrespective of disability or dependence; in 1887 he vetoes a bill to grant pensions to indigent soldiers only. A circumstance like this disposes at one blow of the columns of heavy argumentative slush that he wrote in his veto message. The explanation is very simple. GROVER CLEVELAND knows that his only hope of nomination comes from the support of the Solid South—that to antagonize the ghost of the Confederacy is to cut his political throat, for that ghost is the controlling spirit of the Democratic party today. CLEVELAND, and BRAGG, and WARNER, and all the crew of Northern Democratic doughfaces, are following in the line of the old party before the war. Then the "Southern chivalry" led the Northern mudsills by the nose, and to-day they are doing the same thing.

It is time that the people of the North shall see that simple justice is done their own soldiers. A bill was put through Congress that would never have been formulated had not by far the greater number of its beneficiaries been ex-rebel soldiers—the Mexican pension bill. It was engineered through simply because it would enable Southern soldiers to have a chance at the treasury. It contained more objectionable features than the dependent pension bill; yet Cleveland signs the one, and vetoe the other. We repeat, it is time for the people of the North to call for simple justice to the men who wore the blue.

THE acknowledged fact that the credentials of Mr. TURPIE, who claims to have been elected United States Senator from Indiana, are defective and irregular, will, no doubt, cause the Senate to make a thorough examination of the manner of his election. His alleged election was secured through the vote of a man who was not elected to the legislature. The same thing is the case in New Jersey; if a Democratic Senator is elected, it will be by votes of members of the legislature who obtained their places fraudulently. No Senator chosen in that way can hope to avoid such a sifting of the facts as will reveal the outrageous acts to which he owes his success. These two cases will undoubtedly produce much excitement, as upon their settlement the political complexion of the Senate may depend. Any person elected by fraud should be kept from occupying a seat in the Senate, no matter what party loses by the decision.

THE Nicaragua canal company bill has passed the Senate.

A RECKLESS DEMOCRATIC REGIME.

"Jeffersonian simplicity," indeed! Since the Democratic administration has come into power in Washington, all accounts agree that there is a remarkably feverish and restless condition in the political and social life of the capital. The Democratic social leaders have lost their heads, and are "going it" at a pace that exceeds anything ever seen there previously. There is a continued succession of teas, dinners, receptions and balls. Everybody is in the swim, and trying to keep up with the mad whirl. Even a staid cabinet officer, no less a man than Postmaster General VILAS, has hired a dancing-master to give him private lessons, that he may foot it merrily and bravely with the rest. We wonder what the honest grangers of Wisconsin, who speak of him familiarly as "BILL" VILAS, think of such an astounding blossoming out as that of their quondam fellow into a shining social light of the fastest society in America?

The men are as bad as the women. Grave publicists, ponderous magnates of the Democratic administration hurry through with their official duties that they may be on hand in the evening betimes at whatever social gathering may be on hand. The rural politician from Wayback, with Democratic mud on his boots, is amazed to find the jaded official he journeyed far to see, so dull and listless from late hours that he can pay but languid attention to what he has to say. And this is not a story concocted for political effect; let us put the New York *World* upon the witness-stand. It is a solidly Democratic paper, but it does not cover up Democratic folly. Its Washington correspondent says:

"This administration came into power upon the issue that the affairs of the government had not been honestly managed. Yet there has not been a single conspicuous reform of abuses since the Democrats have come into power. The officials who are now in power are even more high-handed and arbitrary than any any of their predecessors. If any reader should not happen to believe this let him pack up his traps and come to Washington and try to secure one little reform in any of the Democratic departments.

"Meanwhile the social dance goes bravely on. The officials try to outdo the splendor of their predecessors. The struggle of display and the endless panorama of untiring festivity act as a foil to the splendid extravagance of the most reckless Congress of modern history. The day of reckoning will come, but not a thought of the paying of the piper now crosses the minds of one of the reckless dancers in the political and social whirl."

Let them enjoy themselves as did those mentioned in Holy Writ—"Let us eat and drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die." And truly the Democratic party has wofully abused the confidence of the people who put it into power, and mocked them for believing in Democratic promises, made only to enable the party to sneak into power and then to be broken. The year of grace 1888 will bring a time of reckoning to this pleasure-loving, jollity-mad crowd of reckless officials at Washington. The people will take a turn at the crank in the dull November days, and bring this merry-making to an untimely end.

SPECIMEN COPIES.

Send us, please, the name and address of every friend you have in the world, to whom we may send specimen copies of the WEEKLY BLADE. It makes no difference where they are located, north, south, east or west, for the BLADE circulates in every state and territory, and, by the way it is the only paper that does. Send in the names and do your friends a favor. You can get a great many addresses on a postal card.

STEALING PUBLIC LANDS.

It has been howled from the stump by wild-eyed Democratic orators, published in Democratic newspapers, and charged in Democratic platforms, for years and years, that the Republicans, when in power, stole the public lands. The absurdity of the charge, its utter groundlessness, has been shown time and again; but a cardinal axiom of Democratic campaigning has always been that a "lie well stuck to is as good as the truth," and the old falsehood was sounded, year after year, in the ears of the faithful, in the general arraignment of the only party which ever gave general prosperity to the entire nation, and under whose rule we made greater strides in wealth, and power, and industry, than under that of any party which ever held national authority.

So deep-seated did this craze become that the average Democrat came to look upon every homesteader, every settler under the pre-emption, desert lands or timber culture laws, as a thief and a robber, in league with the Republicans to steal the country. And the noted SPARKS, the Democratic Land Commissioner, seems so imbued with this theory that he kept his subordinate officials busy in attempting to unearth these mythical frauds. It is a fact that a great many people have gotten possession of land wrongfully, but it was in no sense the fault of Republican policy or Republican administration. A good many men have no regard for the sanctity of an oath when there is a chance to steal through perjury; and from the nature of the case the frauds, perpetrated through false oaths and subornation of perjury as to the witnesses, are not easy of detection.

An effort is making to secure the repeal of the pre-emption, timber culture and desert land laws, and the leading Congressmen of both parties are believed to be in favor of it. As to the details of the plan, there is a difference of opinion. The Democrats insist that if an innocent farmer has bought his land in good faith of a man who obtained it of the government through fraud, he must be turned out, losing all he has, and that without remedy. That this would be gross injustice goes without saying; yet this is the policy that the potent SPARKS is endeavoring to have adopted. The cold fact is that fraud is only possible through the insufficient force maintained by the government at the land offices in the West. But the Democrats in Congress refused steadily, and always have refused, to appropriate money enough to have a force of clerks and inspectors sufficiently large to properly guard the public domain. Another instance of Democratic incapacity to manage things in a business way.

SPECIAL TERMS TO AGENTS.

If you want to make your winter's pocket money write us for our special terms to agents. We shall pay more liberally for work for the BLADE this winter than any paper in the country. Drop a postal card asking for terms, and it will pay you.

A SERIOUS question in connection with the inter-state commerce bill has arisen, and been laid before Pres. CLEVELAND for his consideration—whether he has the power to appoint the five commissioners under that law after the adjournment of the Senate. It is held on one side that the power conferred by the constitution to fill vacancies which may occur during a vacation of the Senate does not cover the right to appoint to a newly created office which is to be filled by and with the advice and consent of the Senate. On the other hand, it is argued that a vacancy "happens" as much by the act of creation as by the death or resignation of an incumbent, and there are believed to be decisions by attorney generals covering the point to the effect that the President has the power to appoint. There is a radical difference of opinion among parliamentarians and constitutional lawyers in regard to the point in question.

THE defeated parties in Germany charge that the sweeping victory for BISMARCK was due to fraud and bulldozing.

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Our portrait of the lamented LOGAN is finished, and being mailed. It is a splendid work of art, and will be highly prized by those who secure it.

And speaking of our series of portraits of the great generals of the late war, there is one point to which we wish to call attention. These portraits are engraved from photographs taken from life, and were furnished us by the Generals themselves, at our request, as being the view of the face and the expression they desired to be remembered by. Two, Gen. GRANT and Gen. SHERMAN, sat expressly for us, and SHERIDAN and LOGAN sent us those that they preferred.

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AN IMPORTANT ELECTION.

The election of a member of the next House of Representatives from the Second Rhode Island district is a most important one, for upon the politics of that one man will depend the politics of the national administration for the next four years, should there be no election of President by the states, and the choice devolve upon the national House of Representatives, as has happened twice in our history.

The laws of Rhode Island require a successful candidate for Congress to have a majority of all the votes cast. Hence, if there are more than two candidates, the highest is not elected unless he has more votes than all of his opponents. A mere plurality will not do. Last November the Republican candidate had a plurality, but not a majority, and hence there was no election. Another election will take place in April to fill the vacancy.

If the next Presidential election is thrown into the House of Representatives, each state will cast its vote as the majority of its Representatives decide. If a state is tied politically—if its Representatives are half of one party and half of the other—of course it can not vote. A majority of the states is required to elect, and therefore it will require 20 to elect in the House, as there will be just as many votes as there are states—38. New Hampshire's delegation is a tie. Of the remainder of the states (excluding Rhode Island) the Republicans have a majority of Representatives in 19 states, and the Democrats in 17.

Hence it will be seen that unless the Republicans get Rhode Island, they can not elect. Rhode Island has two Representatives, and the other is a Republican. If a Democrat is elected in April from the Second district, the state will be a tie, and cannot vote. Hence an election by the House of Representatives would be impossible. It is also seen that the Democrats can, in no case, elect a President—for, even had they both Rhode Island Representatives, and consequently the vote of the state, they would only have 18 votes—two less than the number required to elect.

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The Supreme court of Indiana finally decided the SMITH-ROBINSON case, in which the former prayed for an injunction to restrain the latter from attempting to exercise the duties of lieutenant governor. The injunction is refused for lack of jurisdiction. The court concurs unanimously that there is no jurisdiction over the person of the lieutenant governor. This leaves the question where it was when the General Assembly met. Lieut. Gov. ROBINSON attempted to take his seat yesterday, but was forcibly ejected from the chamber. The Republican Senators refuse to take any part in the sessions of the Senate until ROBINSON is recognized, and as they are in a majority business is at a standstill. The Democratic minority threaten to unseat three Republicans, and put Democrats in their places, thus giving them a majority. How a minority can do this is a problem solvable only by a Hoosier Bourbon. The House of Representatives refuses to recognize the Senate so long as ROBINSON is not given his seat as its presiding officer, and a general dead-lock is the result.

THE spring election in Chicago is going to be a lively one. The "United Labor" party has nominated ROBERT NELSON, a socialist and Knight of Labor, for mayor. The socialists are energetic in his support, and the campaign will be an extremely hot one. The platform on which he was nominated reaffirms the Cincinnati United Labor platform; demands that the steam railroads which cross the city streets in every direction, obstructing traffic and exacting a daily sacrifice of human life, be concentrated into one great entrance and exit, owned and controlled by the city; that all ordinances which give to street car, gas, electric light, telephone and telegraph companies the use of public streets for private gain, be repealed; that all local means of transportation, such as street, elevated or underground railways, be owned and operated by the local government; that the city shall manufacture and supply gas for general use, shall produce and distribute electrical power for light, heat, motion and communication; that all unoccupied land be taxed to the full limit of the law, and that all work done for the city be done directly for the city corporation and by the legal eight hour day.

THE free trade paradise, as our friends of the Cobden club would have us believe England is, is getting very tiresome to a great many thinking people in that country. A recent issue of the London *Graphic* contained this significant expression of opinion:

"Let us ask a small favor for the farmer, on whose bosom the free trade bogey sits very heavy at the present time. The price of cereals is so low that, unless a rise takes place, the home cultivator must before long cease to grow them. This will be a queer lookout in case of war, but, as it is the legitimate outcome of free trade, we ought to throw up our caps and shout 'Hooray!' But now for our small favor. As the British farmer can no longer grow corn crops profitably, why not let him try his hand at tobacco? The experiments of the past summer conclusively show that tobacco of fair quality can be grown profitably in this country, provided that the excise difficulty can be overcome. But the present regulations of the inland revenue officials are so stringent that it would be folly for any farmer to try tobacco-growing as a commercial venture. Why not relax these regulations and give the sorely-burdened British farmer one little rag of protection to cover his free trade nakedness?"

GOV. MCENERY, of Louisiana, announces that he will promptly grant a pardon to Dr. T. S. FORD, sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment for killing JOHN C. FITZPATRICK, in New Orleans, for having betrayed his wife. The governor says that "the unwritten law of the land is imperative in its mandate that the destroyer of female virtue, of home and domestic happiness, shall forfeit his life."

THE liquor dealers of Leavenworth, Kan., have at last decided to yield to the inevitable, and obey the prohibitory law.

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SHE RULED THE ROOST.

A Feeble ebellion Subdued in Very Short Order.

Jim Akers' was a small, tow-headed, knock-kneed man, with irregular teeth, which made his mouth look like a steel-trap twisted out of plumb. His wife was a large, raw-boned woman, fully a head taller and fifty pounds heavier than Jim. She had the temper of a half-tamished wildcat, and no darky just "gettin' religion" was ever half as much afraid of the devil as Jim was of her. He had reason to be. When she was fairly on the warpath she breathed chain-lightning and flung cyclones from the tip of her tongue. Nor did she content herself with words only, however bitter and furious. She very often brushed the poor little wretch with a hickory until he felt as if he had borrowed his back of a saint fresh from the gridiron.

One bright, golden, delicious afternoon in the latter part of May, Jim left the path where he had been hard at work all day and "smuck een" to his cabin by the back way. He proceeded hastily to doff his every-day clothes and don his Sunday garments, casting furtive glances all the while at the black-browed, terrible dame sitting in the front doorway knitting. With trembling haste he completed his preparations, and was shambling out again, when his wife, previously apparently oblivious of his presence, shot a fierce glance at him which made him jump almost out of his shoes and brought the perspiration out from every pore.

"Whar' you lowin' fer?" she demanded.

"I lowed I wuz gwine down to the fish-fry fur a hour or two. Them boys is a hevin——"

"Well, you lowed wrong. You jest histe off them close and go back inter that patch and finish heein' them pertaters. Don't you distress yerself 'bout no fish-fries."

"But I done tole the boys I was gwine to be thar."

"Well, you tole 'em a lie."

"But Ed Sykes and Hank Evans is a-waitin' fur me now at the cross-roads, and I'd ruther not disappoint 'em."

"Well, I'd ruther you would. Shut up now, and do ez you're told."

Jim gasped and quaked with fear; but, for the first time in many years, he thoroughly realized the tyranny under which he was crushed. His heart was set on going to the fish-fry, and in that feeble, fluttering little organ, a faint shadow, a dim eidolon of spirit, became suddenly aroused. He hesitated a moment, ventured even to return the gaze of those wrathful, glowing eyes, and then started, saying:

"Well, I'm a-gwine!"

Great Jehosaphat! Houp-la!

She swooped on him like an owl on a mouse. The air was filled and darkened with dust, and sandy hair, and groaning shrieks.

Ed Sykes and Hank Evans, at the "cross-roads," became convinced that Jim's cabin had caught fire and that he was perishing in the flames. They rushed in all haste to his assistance, but as they neared the spot the clatter subsided, and they heard a stern feminine voice, which caused them to halt and keep out of sight, say:

"Now, I reckon you'll do ez yer tole."

Then they recognized Jim's piping voice, protesting between convulsions:

"I'd sorter gin out gwine befo' you spoke."

GLAD OF IT.

Chewing the Weed No Longer in "Good Form."

Many men now carry a strip of slippery elm in their pocket, and when they feel the old craving come over them, then they bite off a bit and chew it. A down-town druggist said that he sold a great deal of licorice root to men who were trying to break the tobacco habit. Roscoe Conkling used to chew, although he never used tobacco prepared for chewing. He had a habit of taking a good cigar, cutting it in two in the middle, then placing the cut end of one of the halves between his teeth, he would chew it. He did not take what Ben Butler is so fond of, a dry smoke, as it is called, but he chewed the cigar. He determined to break this habit, and to help him the more easily to conquer it, he filled his pockets with lozenges or other choice candies every morning. Conkling has a very sweet tooth, and is very fond of good candy. The last three or four years he was in the Senate he was rarely without a lozenge or other candy in his mouth. Sen. Eaton and Sen. Jones, of Florida, were both pets of Conkling, and both being very fond of candy, almost daily performed this little comedy: Eaton would stroll over to Conkling's desk and chat a few moments, never failing to evince the profound admiration for Conkling that he had. By and by he would say: "Conkling, what do you do when your throat is dry and husky?" Thereupon Conkling would produce a box, in which were the sugar plums, and Eaton, taking two or three, would stroll leisurely away with one in his mouth. By and by Jones would walk across the aisle and make his obesience to Conkling. Then he would cough and hem and clear his throat. Out would come the box, and Jones made himself happy with two or three candies, after sufficient hesitation about taking them. Once when Jones, of Nevada, was making a long speech, and his voice grew husky, Conkling arose, pulled his box of confections from his pocket, and presented it to the miner, with as much formality and dignity as though conferring the order of the garter. He afterwards told Jones that if he would eat more candy and use less tobacco he would have no trouble with his voice.

But if the habit of chewing is decreasing, that of smoking is gaining. The coming generation, by all signs, will all smoke.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Jacksonian Democrat.

It was an anecdote of a pious Jacksonian deacon of our county in Virginia that a Whig laid a wager that he would justify Jackson even for murder. Overtaking the deacon on his way to church, he entered into conversation and professed to be just from Washington.

"Well, and what's the news at Washington?" asked the deacon.

"Nothing—O, yes, there is; Gen. Jackson killed a man yesterday."

"Killed a man!" cried the deacon.

"Yes, he was walking on Pennsylvania avenue, and told a man to get out of his way; the man didn't, and the President shot him."

The deacon meditated a few moments, then broke out, "Hurrah for the general! Why didn't the man get out of his way?"—*Moncure D. Conway.*

Official Position Makes a Beauty.

Not long ago we had an article on this subject explaining the fact that society writers regard beauty as an official matter in their eyes Mrs. Cleveland is the beautifulest and the brightest woman in the United States because she is the President's wife; and if he had married her mother, as it was supposed he intended to do at one time, that lady would have come in for all the praises now lavished on her daughter. From the moment that a successor to Mr. Cleveland is elected Mrs Cleveland's official beauty and brightness will begin to fade, and when he goes out of office she will have nothing but her natural elements left.—*Rochester Post Express.*

Against High Hats.

In Boston the movement to remove bonnets at the opera has been so successful that the *Transcript* says: "Only a few high bonnets now stick up o'nights in the parquet, and they give their wearers decidedly the out-of-town appearance." But the men are not wholly happy, for the ladies who doff their high hats have taken to piling "boughten hair and feathers and velvet bows on top," until the altitude of the latter exceeds the height of the former. The feminine head must be adorned in some way, it appears, and it seems necessary for these adornments to "come high."

An Interesting Experiment.

Wrap some strong paper around an ear of corn in such a way that after it is pinned or pasted the ear can be withdrawn without changing the shape of the paper. Shelling the ear of corn, and trying to put the shelled corn back in the paper which held both the corn and the cob, will show how compactly the corn is placed on the cob. This is an old experiment but an interesting one still.

Turpie's State.

"I didn't know before that Patti was born in Indiana," observed the snake editor.

"Well, she wasn't," replied the horse editor.

"No? Well, here's an item saying that she never washes her face."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

The Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company.

Among the year's life insurance reports that of the Connecticut Mutual, which we print to-day, is a model of crisp and simple statement. The figures indicate a growth which has been solid and normal, not based on feverish and speculative methods, but based on the purest and simplest forms of life insurance. The disbursements to policy holders for 1886 were $5,285,000, and the expenses of management were kept down to the remarkably low ratio of a little more than 9 per cent. There was a considerable gain in the assets, the gross amount of which reaches the swelling bulk of $55,702,393. The surplus over all liabilities amounts to $5,059,106. A little study of the report gives eloquent testimony to the strength and solidity of this great company.

WHAT ARE DUDES?

A Little Boy's Puzzling Questions—Sometimes We Have Ideas That Are Not Nearly as Clear as We Imagine.

Children sometimes ask very puzzling questions. Now and again they give evidence of much keener reasoning powers than they are credited with. It is not always easy to evade the directness of their queries. The artlessness of their pertinacity disarms the anger which would be visited upon the same quality in grown up people. Besides, their inquisitiveness is a earnest of the unfolding of the mind which it is not good to check, unless for major cause.

Fosbrooke's 9-year-old, boy is a child addicted to puzzling questions. He is precocious, and inherits his mother's love for books and not a little of her gentle incisiveness of thought. Up to the present, she has been his teacher, and, as he is the only child, the mother has been able to devote considerable time to his preliminary training.

"Papa," said he last night after dinner, "what is a dude?"

"A dude, Charlie," said the fond parent, "is a young man who—who—well, let me see; a dude is a young fellow who—yes, that's it, a dude is a young gentleman who spends three-fourths of his time in dressing and the rest in making a fool of himself."

"But," rejoined little Charlie, isn't he a fool, too, to spend all that time in dressing?"

Fosbrooke laughed. A quiet smile played in the corners of his wife's mouth. She knew that Fosbrooke senior was in for it.

"Well, yes," answered the father, "I suppose he is, as soon as he begins to spend more time on dressing than is really necessary. Certainly he is, certainly."

"How long have there been 'dudes,' papa?"

"Why, my dear, I don't think the word itself has been in existence more than four or five years. So I suppose dudes have existed about the same time."

Fosbrooke knew better, but he wanted to get away from the subject. He did not succeed, however.

"Which comes first, papa, things or words?"

"Things, Charley, of course."

"Then mustn't there always have been dudes, papa?"

"What makes you think so, child?"

"Because there must always have been men that spent a good deal too much time in dressing. Can't there be old 'dudes'?"

"Hardly, as the word is used to-day."

"But can't there be old fools who spend too much time in dressing?"

Although being cornered, Fosbrooke laughed out loud. His wife looked grave and thoughtful.

"Men in years who do that kind of thing, are generally called old 'fops.'"

"Then, are there no young fops?" retorted the child.

"Yes, I suppose there are, Charley."

"Then why did they want a new word for the same old thing?"

Fosbrooke looked appealingly to his wife, but all the aid he got from that quarter was a speaking smile.

"Really, Charlie, it is hard to say. Sometimes people invent words like that without knowing why."

"And other people use them without knowing why, too. Isn't that it, papa?"

"Yes, child, I suppose that is about it."

"Can ladies be 'dudes,' papa?"

"No, child, I don't think they can."

"But don't ladies spend a good deal more time dressing themselves than men?"

Fosbrooke was at last clean out of his depth. A decisive flank movement had to made on the enemy.

"We are allowed to make remarks about gentlemen, Charlie, but it is not polite to make them about ladies."

Charlie thought a moment; then inquired: "What is a gentleman, papa?"

"A gentleman is a man who clings in everything to truth and honor, and acts towards every one as he would wish to be dealt by."

"Papa, is our coachman a gentleman?"

"Nellie, dear, won't you please give us a little music?"

The wife moved towards the piano with a smile which plainly said: "Sometimes we have to play second-fiddle to very young performers."

PETS OF THE HEARTHSTONE.

A Collation of Interesting Facts About Dogs and Cats.

FIGHTING MERITS OF DOGS, COONS AND 'POSSUMS.

The relative degrees of courage between animals is strangely illustrated between the coon, the 'possum and the dog. The 'possum will kill the coon, while the coon will beat the dog. Boar 'possums will fight each other when they meet, biting at each other's under jaws. When they once get firmly clinched they will hang to it till one expires. The victor will then engage the first coon he meets. This is strange, in view of the fact that the 'possum is a cowardly animal, feigning death when sighted by hunters, and giving rise to the expression of "playing" 'possum. The coon fights cat fashion—scratching and biting. The 'possum quietly proceeds to coil his tail around the coon's neck, choking him into submission. The vanquished coon will arise from his inglorious defeat, and meeting the dog, of which the 'possum stands in mortal dread, will engage him in combat, severely wounding if not entirely killing him. The hound dog is the only one which can match the coon, and yet the bulldog, which has been whipped by the coon, will make the hound dog run for dear life.

A RUSSIAN TERRIER'S DEVOTION.

A Russian terrier owned by Councilman Hackeney, of Portland, Oregon, which is generally considered the ugliest dog in the city, has formed a very strange attachment for his master's horse. Mr. Hackeney loaned his horse to a friend a few days since, and when the animal was lamed in one leg he was immmediately returned. He was doctored up and turned out on the river bottom. The dog accompanied the horse and stayed with him all through the pelting storm for the two days, keeping close to him as he grazed and not offering to leave him to go and get anything to eat. At last Mr. Hackeney had to go and make the dog come home to prevent him from being starved. It made no difference that the dog was guarding the horse, for fear some friend would come to borrow it again, but Mr. Hackeney thinks he was staying by the horse out of friendship.

INTELLIGENT CANINE COURTESY.

There is a St. John's, N. B., man who is the owner of a large and unusually intelligent dog, says that a Mexican came to his ranch on a certain occasion and the dog made a vigorous attack upon him, tearing out a large fragment from the rear of his unmentionables. The dog was called off, quieted and severely scolded for his want of hospitality, which caused him to crawl off to his kennel in shame and mortification. After the Mexican had retired the dog came in, took in his mouth a needle and thread sticking in the wall, gathered up the dilapidated pants, together with the torn fragment, and carried them all to his master, and then quietly took his seat and waited the repair of the garment that he might restore them to the place he had found them. We believe it will be difficult to cite an instance of more remarkable courteous intelligence.

TOM CHEATHAM'S PROLIFIC CAT.

The cat owned by Dr. Tom Cheatham, of Macon, Ga., has a wonderful lot of kittens. The old cat is a very quiet and simple old tabby that has the free range of the store, Rankin & Co.'s, corner Third and Mulberry streets. Beginning with the year she produced three litters of kittens last year, each litter consisting of four young cats. Then everybody began to bet on the probability of her bringing a quartet of kittens for every quarter of the year. But she was not quite equal to the emergency, consequently the fourth litter arrived a few days ago, making just sixteen kittens in sixteen months, and all are exact fac-simile productions of cater-familias. All the whole sixteen are alive and doing well. Dr. Cheatham is having a beautiful blue ribbon nicely embroidered to put around the old mother-cat's neck.

A DOG SAVES HIS MASTER'S LIFE.

James Martin, a farmer of Laurens county, S. C., had a narrow escape from a horrible death recently, and owes his life to the timely service of a faithful dog. Mr. Martin was crossing his pasture when he was attacked by a vicious Jersey bull and thrice tossed high in the air. As he fell the third time he was so stunned that he could make no effort to rise, and the infuriated animal was proceeding to gore him to death. Just at that critical moment, however, Martin's shepherd dog came upon the scene, and, making a furious attack upon the bull, succeeded in driving him away. Mr. Martin's injuries are of a serious nature, though not necessarily fatal.

Queer raaslatio ns.

The Montreal *Gazette* tells of some of the queer translations and conversions of names in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Cap Chatte, named from a celebrity, is now Cat Cape; Pointe de Monte is now Devil's Point, and Cap d'Espoir, instead of being translated Cape Hope, has become Cape Despair.

A Wonderful Machine and Offer.

To introduce them, we will give away 1,000 Self-operating Washing Machines. No labor or washboard. The best in the world. If you want one, write now to THE NATIONAL CO., 25 Dey St., N. Y.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

Another Batch of Their Quaint Fancies and Queer Speeches.

Little Grace took little Ted's toy elephant away from him and wouldn't give it back. Ted ran at his sister like a tow-headed fury, and Grace gave him a sounding slap on the face. Ted's cries brought their mother to the scene of action and she carried him off to bed, leaving the aggressor Grace in possession of the field. Ted explained matters to the ear of maternal sympathy as he was being put to bed.

"Well, Grace *was* naughty," said the mother, as she put on Ted's nightgown. "I'll have to talk to her about it. But you must forgive her, Teddy. And you must pray for her, too," she added as Ted bumped down on his knees in his usual devotional attitude.

"Just let me go down stairs and give her one good slap first like she gave me," said Ted, wrathfully.

"Oh, no, darling; go on with your prayers," said the mother softly, smoothing his hair with her hand. "The Bible says we must pray for those who despitefully use us."

"Mamma," asked Ted, earnestly lifting his face, "Mamma, did you ever try it?"

Little Julia is in the habit of saying "Amen" to the grace her papa asks at table, and she usually says it heartily and with unction. But she failed to say it altogether at breakfast a few mornings ago, and sat looking gloomily at the table, which had rather less on it than usual, and nothing that Julia likes. Some one at the table asked why Julia was silent. "Pah," she said with fine scorn, "I don't think I'll say amen for such a breakfast as this."

Anna was fond of her grandmother who died last year. She cannot talk plainly, and astonished her mother soon after the funeral by "playing heaven." She put a sofa cushion dressed up with a shawl in an easy-chair, piled up her building blocks in a heap and stood herself up in the corner. "That's dramma," she said, pointing to the chair, "and there's Dod, and here's little me."

Anna had been to see her aunt on one of the cold days. "I want my mouth cover," she said looking around for her veil, as she was being wrapped up to go home.

"Here, dear," said her aunt, "you mean your veil."

"Oh, veil," cried Anna in that inimitable falsetto of surprise and pride which is the special endowment of small girls. "Oh, yes; is that the name of it this winter, too?"

Why Roscoe Conkling Wears a Curl.

A lady tells this about Roscoe Conkling: "One day when Roscoe was visiting my father's family the horse and sulky were brought up to the door and my father was just getting ready to start out for a ride among his patients. Young Roscoe thought he would get some life out of the old horse, took a pin and stuck it in his haunches, when the usually staid animal suddenly gave a kick and hit Roscoe a severe blow on his forehead, cutting a gash that to this day leaves a scar on the brow. And this is why the ex-Senator permits a little curl to drop over it."

The Oldest.

They were discussing the subject of old age in the Tom Kins family. The boy, William H., was prompted by his sister's astonishment at the advanced age of Yale's oldest living graduate" to remark in a superior way that it wasn't so old after all. "In the old times men sometimes lived 900 years." That *was* a crusher. Elizabeth Jane looked quite cowed for a moment—but only for a moment. Then she rallied. "Papa," she asked with great decision, "*does it say that in the Revised Edition?*"

An Additional Punishment.

"Well, I declare," exclaimed Mrs. McSwilligen, "if one of these Chicago Anarchists isn't going to be married. I think it's a rank shame."

"So do I," replied her husband; "I think hanging is punishment enough for him."—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

HAINESVILLE, N. J., October 15, 1886.

E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.:

Dear Sir:

I was taken with a very severe cold last spring, and tried every cure we had in the store, and could get no help.

I had our village doctor prescribe for me, but kept getting worse. I saw another physician from Port Jervis, N. Y., and he told me he used Piso's Cure for Consumption in his practice.

I bought a bottle, and before I had taken all of it there was a change for the better. Then I got my employer to order a quantity of the medicine and keep it in stock. I took one more bottle, and my cough was cured. Respectfully,

FRANK MCKELVY.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

Publishers' Column.

The Most Liberal Offer Ever Made.

A Good Watch for an Hour's Work.

Any person—man, woman, boy or girl—who will raise a club of TEN for the WEEKLY BLADE, at its lowest and only price, One Dollar each, will receive a warranted Waterbury Watch, free, by mail.

To secure this valuable premium, the ten names must be sent in at one time, with the price, $10. No other terms will be regarded.

Any one can raise a club of Ten for the WEEKLY BLADE anywhere, in a very little time. It is easy to get subscribers for the BLADE, for everybody ought to have it, and 200,000 families will have it this winter.

Take hold at once and get your watch. We will mail them, in every case, the day we receive the club.

We warrant every watch we send. There no way in which a reliable time-piece can be so easily obtained.

A warranted watch for Ten yearly subscribers to the WEEKLY BLADE.

IN THE MATTER OF SEWING MACHINES.

Thousands of the readers of the BLADE will buy a sewing machine this winter. What one will *you* buy? There are many good ones and many bad ones, some excellent for certain kinds of work, and good for nothing else, and so on. But all of them are sold at a high price, higher than they should be, and in most cases too high for the purse of the average woman.

The cause of these high prices is easily understood. It results from the method of selling. The manufacturer makes a state agent for his machine, who opens an expensive office in a large city, and he must have an enormous salary or large commissions to live at all. The state agent makes district agents, the district agents make county agents, and so between the manufacturer and the farmer's wife there are three commissions or profits, all of which the armer's wife pays. This is why the cheapest machine, sold on that plan, cannot be sold for less than $35.

The BLADE does business in quite another way. The BLADE manufactures the best machine on the market. It is a machine built upon an entirely new principle, and well built. There is no trouble about the quality of the machine. Thousands of them are in use, and they give absolute satisfaction. (Read the two statements in advertisement on 5th page.) Now, this splendid machine, better for work and better in finish, than any now sold, the BLADE now sells for $18, and throws in the WEEKLY BLADE for one year. How can it be done? As easily as falling off a log. The BLADE Company employs no agents, but the machine passes directly from its own factory to the house of the purchaser. There are no agents between us and you, who have to be paid; there are no leeches to take the blood out of you. We want a small profit and get it, and you have all the rest.

Now what we want to say is this. If you want a machine that you may depend upon, and want it at a price that you can afford, send $18 to the BLADE, Toledo, Ohio, and you will receive one as soon as steam can carry it, and you will receive in addition, the BLADE one year. Moreover, if you want one this winter, make your order now. We shall be overrun next month with orders, and you may be delayed.

Remit now, and get your machine in time.

Address all letters to "BLADE," Toledo, Ohio.

Temperance Cartoons — To Temperance Workers and Organizations.

We have published for as near gratuitous circulation as possible, five striking cartoons, illustrating the working of Rum as opposed to Temperance, of which millions have been sold all over the United States. They are intended to instruct the people through the eye. They are as follows:

No. 1.—Do you see any good coming out of it?
No. 2.—Which way would you have your Boy Go?
No. 3.—Which way would you have your Girl Go?
No. 4.—In which village would you bring up your Children?
No. 5.—This Farmer never drank Whisky. This Farmer drinks all he can get.

These pictures are the most effective instructors that have ever been published. They contrast the life of the drunkard and sober man, in property, wife and children, so sharply that he who runs may read, and understand as well. Millions of them have been pasted up in shops, on fences and dead walls, where they may be seen of men, and millions more should be.

We have made a price on these cartoons, which barely covers the cost of paper and postage:

Three copies of either..... 6 cents,
Six copies..... 10 cents,
Twenty-five copies..... 30 cents,
One Hundred copies..... One dollar.

This gives no profit, the price covering only cost of printing, paper and postage. We contribute wrapping-paper and labor.

Send in your orders immediately, and paste them up where they will do the most good.

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

This magnificent steel engraving has sold more than any picture we have published. It is a magnificent work of art, and worthy any home. It is a steel engraving, engraved by John Andrew for the New England Congregational Society, at a cost of $20,000. It is a complete illustration of Bunyan's immortal work, representing 100 of the scenes therein. The picture was originally sold at $1,000, and cannot be bought in art stores to-day for less. We send it to any address securely packed and post-paid for $1.25, or the picture and the BLADE one year for $2.00. It is a splendid work of art and should be in every home.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published seven different portraits, which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther and John Calvin.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

Any one portrait..... $ 25
The four divines..... 65
The four generals..... 65
The entire set of eight..... 1 15

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address

BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

FORTY-FIRST ANNUAL
STATEMENT
OF THE
Connecticut Mutual
LIFE
Insurance Company,
OF HARTFORD, CONN.

NET ASSETS, January 1, 1886.		$52,942,452 10
RECEIVED IN 1886,		
For Premiums	$4,464,543 67	
For Interest and Rents	2,813,180 03	
Profit and Loss	147,382 92	7,425,006 62
		$60,367,458 72
DISBURSED IN 1886.		
For claims by death and matured endowments	$3,513,021 84	
Surplus returned to policy-holders	1,189,131 71	
Lapsed and Surrendered Policies	582,847 09	
TOTAL TO POLICY-HOLDERS	$5,285,000 64	
Commissions to Agents, Salaries, Medical Examiners' fees, Printing, Advertising, Legal, Real Estate, and all other Expenses	689,392 05	
Taxes	321,916 21	
		6,296,268 90
BALANCE NET ASSETS, Dec. 31, 1886		$54,071,189 82
SCHEDULE OF ASSETS.		
Loans upon Real Estate, first lien	$29,445,620 17	
Loans upon Stocks and Bonds	885,963 00	
Premium Notes on Policies in Force	2,257,210 24	
Cost of Real Estate owned by the Company	10,811,817 86	
Cost of United States and other Bonds	9,350,199 00	
Cost of Bank and Railroad Stocks	400,451 00	
Cash in Bank and Office	1,413,992 12	
Balance due from Agents	6,216 43	
	$54,071,189 82	
ADD		
Interest due and accrued	$994,478 82	
Rents accrued	12,570 05	
Market value of stocks and bonds over cost	545,426 55	
Net deferred premiums	78,828 10	
	$1,631,904 12	
GROSS ASSETS, December 31, 1886		$55,702,493 94
LIABILITIES:		
Amount required to reinsure all outstanding Policies, net, assuming 4 per cent. Interest	$49,677,210 00	
Additional reserve by Company's Standard, 3 per cent. on Policies Issued since April 1, 1882	183,187 00	
All other Liabilities	783,010 54	
		50,643,397 54
SURPLUS by Company's Standard		$ 5,059,106 40
SURPLUS by Conn. Standard, 4 per cent.		5,242,343 40

Ratio of expenses of management to receipts in 1886..... 9.28 per cent.
Policies in force Dec. 31, 1886, 63,027, insuring..... $150,528,922 89

JACOB L. GREENE, President.
JOHN M. TAYLOR, Vice President.
WILLIAM G. ABBOT, Secretary.
D. H. WELLS, Actuary.

ALBERT C. OSBORNE, Agent,
TOLEDO, OHIO.

MEDICAL BUREAU—"CASE 180."
All three prescriptions, for cure of Seminal Weakness, in case 180, Medical Bureau, prepared IN SOLID FORM, so as to be sent by mail. Write full history of case, symptoms, &c. Address Toledo Medical Bureau, Box 161, Toledo, O.

MUSIC GIVEN AWAY.

To introduce "Woodward's Musical Monthly" ($1 per year) and our new catalogue of sheet music in every family having a piano or organ, we will, on receipt of 20c for postage, **send free** samples with ten complete **pieces of our very latest popular Vocal and Instrumental Music, full size (11 1-2x13 in.), printed on elegant heavy music paper; and would cost $1 at music stores.** We also publish the latest success

THE NIGHT BIRD'S COOING,

A very popular and beautiful waltz song mailed for 60c. Willis Woodward & Co., 482 and 484 Broadway, New York.

IF YOU ARE GOING WEST.
Write to the Western Real Estate Association, at Kansas City, Mo., inclosing ten cents to pay postage and expense [and, you will receive VALUABLE INFORMATION regarding any specific portion of any of the Western, Northwestern or Southern States or the Territories, you may desire to inquire about; and cards of introduction to our nearest local members or agents, of whom we are represented by one or more banks for their honorable dealing. If this association has an advertised member in your locality apply to him, otherwise address
CHAS. B. HOLMES,
Manager, Kansas City, Mo.

$20 IN PRIZES.
The CINCINNATI WEEKLY TELEGRAM will give the readers of the Blade $20 in Gold for the best essay (go words. Send 4 cents in stamps for full particulars,
Daily Telegram, Cincinnati, O.

LAWSON'S Portrait work in Crayon, Water Color, India Ink and Oil have almost a national reputation, therefore agents make MOST MONEY in working for GEO. C. LAWSON, 154 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.
N. B. To Agents—My work DELIVERS every time.

FILL YOUR OWN TEETH with Crystaline. Stops pain and decay. Lasts a lifetime. By mail 50c. Circular free. T. F. Truman, M.D., Wells Bridge, N.Y.

DYSPEPSIA Its Nature, Causes, Prevention and Cure, being the experience of an actual sufferer, by John McAlvin, Lowell, Mass., 34 yr's City Treasurer. Sent free, with sample of remedy

FOR SALE.
On the Cumberland Plateau, Morgan Co., Tenn. Desirable farming, stock raising and fruit-growing lands. Well timbered and watered, and near the line of C. S. Railway. Terms easy. Address
TODD & SCOTT, Wartburg, Tenn.

IMPROVED HARVESTER FINGER GUARD KNIFE—County rights for sale. Easily attached to any finger guard now used on old or new machines. Perfect cut. Reduces draft and strain. Saves horseflesh. We employ no agents, but write us at once for full particulars. Fisher & Dowling, 11 Anderson Block, Toledo, O.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—Good farms in Nebraska for sale cheap for cash, or will exchange for clean, salable merchandise. Address at once, ARTHUR C. CROSSEN, Investment Banker, Atkinson, Holt Co., Nebraska.

BEST Government lands in the West. Rare chance to speculate in deeded land and town lots. Men are doubling their money in a few days. Have been at no expense to ascertain above facts, which we guarantee. Information sent on receipt of 25c. Address P. O. Box 153, Leoti, Kan., Wichita Co.

40 Rich Photos for gents only, 10c. Lover's package, 10c. Beekman & Co., Latham, Ohio.

THE FAMOUS CUSTOM-MADE
PLYMOUTH ROCK $3 PANTS.

Any person writing to the American Express Co., in Boston, inquiring about us, will receive a reply concerning our reliability, and parties generally referring to our readiness to refund money at buyer's request for any cause even when it is clearly the buyer's fault in measuring. We are so seldom called upon to thus buy back our goods that we can well afford to make this offer, for that privilege and the general excellence of these famous pants have won us the confidence of mail buyers from Maine to California. We also refer to 80 of the leading weekly papers of the land.

Send us 6c. for package of samples and rules for self measurement. Will include good linen tape measure if you will MENTION THIS PAPER. Or, if you cannot wait to see samples, tell us about what color you prefer, and send your inside leg and waist measure, together with $3.00 and 35 cents postage and packing, and we will take entire risk of pleasing you, sending them by mail or prepaid express.

At our office may be seen thousands of testimonials like the following from Patrick Attorney Neal, of Clifton, Dakota, who writes: "Allow me to acknowledge the receipt of the two pairs of pants reaching me to-day; they are an excellent fit. I may say perfect in every particular—substantial and well made, with good, deep pockets of heavy material, and much better than I expected. The same pants, poorly made, would cost here $5.00 to $7.00. Many of my friends have examined them, and you will get numerous orders here. You may put me down as a regular customer."

PLYMOUTH ROCK PANTS CO.,
81 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

THE WATERBURY
"Nasby Watch,"

During the past year we have mailed a great many thousands of the famous

WATERBURY WATCHES

to our patrons, and they have almost universally given satisfaction.

Out of the enormous number mailed only a very small percentage have been found faulty, and as those were immediately sent back to us and either put in order or new ones sent, there has been practically no complaint.

The Waterbury Company warrant to us every watch we send; and therefore if one here and there does not perform according to guarantee, it is immediately replaced by one that will.

In making 1,500 a day of course there will be occasionally one that gets injured in going through the mails, but these are immediately made good.

There is less complaint about the Waterbury Watch than there is of any watch in the world.

As the manufacturers warrant them to us, we warrant them to our patrons. Every faulty watch is made good as soon as it can be got around in the mails.

The price of the Waterbury Watch is always and everywhere $3.50. They can not be bought anywhere for less. We do this: The WEEKLY BLADE one year and the Waterbury Watch, $3.50. Which is to say you get the BLADE at its price and the batch for a dollar less than its price or the Watch at its price and the BLADE for nothing. We are making you a present of a dollar in either event, and you are getting the best family paper in the world and the best time piece.

Enclose $3.50 to

BLADE, Toledo, O.

and secure one of these superb Watche and the BLADE for one year.

L. S. L.
CAPITAL PRIZE, $150,000.

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached, in its advertisements."

G. T. Beauregard
J. A. Early
Commissioners.

We, the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lotteries which may be presented at our counters.

J. H. OGLESBY, Pres. Louisiana Nat'l Bank.
L. A. WARE, Pres. State Nat'l Bank.
A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans Nat'l Bank.

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION!
Over Half a Million Distributed
LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY CO.

Incorporated in 1868 for 25 years by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes—with a capital of $1,000,000—to which a reserve fund of over $550,000 has since been added.

By an overwhelming popular vote its franchise was made a part of the present State Constitution adopted December 24, A. D., 1879.

The only Lottery ever voted on and endorsed by the people of any State.

It never scales or postpones.

Its Grand Single Number Drawings take place monthly, and the Semi-Annual Drawings regularly every six months June and December.

A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO WIN A FORTUNE. THIRD GRAND DRAWING, CLASS G, IN THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW ORLEANS, TUESDAY, March 15, 1887.
—202d Monthly Drawing.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $150,000.

Notice.—Tickets are Ten Dollars only. Halves, $5. Fifths, $2. Tenths, $1.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 CAPITAL PRIZE OF	$150,000	$150,000
1 GRAND PRIZE OF	50,000	50,000
1 GRAND PRIZE OF	20,000	20,000
2 LARGE PRIZES OF	10,000	20,000
4 LARGE PRIZES OF	5,000	20,000
20 PRIZES OF	1,000	20,000
50 "	500	25,000
100 "	300	30,000
200 "	200	40,000
500 "	100	50,000
1,000 "	50	50,000

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

100 Approximation Prizes of	$300	$ 30,000
100 " "	200	20,000
100 " "	100	10,000
2,179 Prizes, amounting to		$ 555,000

Application for rates to clubs should be made only to the office of the Company in New Orleans.

For further information write clearly, giving full address. POSTAL NOTES, Express Money Orders or New York Exchange in ordinary letter. Currency by Express (at our expense) addressed

M. A. DAUPHIN,
New Orleans, La.
or M. A. DAUPHIN,
Washington, D. C.

Address Registered Letters to
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The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

MISTRESS EMERGENCY.

II.—(Continued.)

The summer sun was creeping towards the western horizon, and his long yellow rays lay asiant upon the floor when Ted awoke. I was alone with him, his mother having gone out to attend to some household duties. He did not see me at first, but lay there with his large brown eyes fixed upon the window, through which he could see the blue sky, the waving trees, and, afar off, the hilltop which he had, in a burst of childish confidence, once told me he "b'leved reached 'most to heaven," and when he got big he meant to go there and see if he couldn't "peek in and see what God and the angels were doing."

Presently I moved a little, but so as not to startle him, and he became aware of my presence.

"Is that you, auntie?" he asked. "Where's my mamma?" Curiously enough these children always used the possessive prefix when they spoke to others of their mother. It was a notion of their own, and I could not but think it indexed their boyish admiration and love.

"She has gone out, Ted, to look after Willie and arrange about the supper. Does your arm pain you now?"

"Not a bit, and do you b'leve," he said, lowering his voice to a half whisper, but speaking confidentially, "I'm sure my mamma is God's sister, 'cause you see He knows everything, and she knows *most* everything. When my arm ached, oh, so awful, she just put something on that stopped it, and let me go right off to sleep."

It was a most convincing sort of logic, and I had no disposition to disturb his faith, the less that my own respect for her powers had taken a leap forward since morning.

Just then she entered the room, and, finding him awake, spoke in a bright, merry way that brought a smile to the little face. Taking his hand in hers and feeling his pulse while stroking his forehead, without his knowing what she was doing, she turned to me with a satisfied look, which told me that so far he was doing all right.

"Mamma, Ted's hungry," the child said presently.

"Then Ted shall have something at once," she responded gaily, and left the room, returning in a few moments with a cup of scalded milk, which he drank with avidity. To my look of inquiry she replied by saying that milk was nourishing, and it always agreed with Ted when he was not well better than solid food. She heated it because a hot drink helped to prevent the sickness to the stomach that sometimes followed the taking of an anodyne.

I noticed that she had brought the milk in one of the prettiest china cups which the house afforded, and remembered that I had heard her say, one of the traits of a good nurse was the making of whatever was offered to the patient as attractive as possible, and she was carrying out the principle with this little boy.

By and by he begged to see his brothers and they were permitted to come in and talk to him awhile, after being cautioned to be quiet and gentle. And how he did enjoy their play, laughing as heartily as if he had not passed through such an ordeal. Presently his mother noticed that his face was growing flushed and she sent the children out of the room in spite of his anxiety to have them remain.

"Mamma knows best, Ted," she said. "I am afraid I have let them stay here too long now."

In truth he was very restless, and even my unpracticed eye discovered signs of a rising fever. Another dose of the anodyne was given, the room darkened, and soon his gentle breathing showed that he had gone to sleep again.

"The important thing to do," she said to me later in the evening, "is always to secure perfect rest, and then you are quite sure that Nature will rally and do her best towards a quick recovery. The mistake is too often made of believing all danger past after the first shock is over, when it is, in reality, only just begun. Not until there has been time for a reaction shall I be secure about Ted, so I shall keep him as quiet as possible for fully 48 hours. I have no doubt but he will sleep now until to-morrow morning, and awake without fever. His condition then will decide whether I will send for a physician or not. Of course I should not undertake to carry on the treatment of a critical case."

"I was surprised to see you use only a simple dressing of cotton," I said. "Do you consider that the best, or was it because it was the most convenient?"

"In this case for both reasons. For a burn from dry heat there are other things which are good, perhaps better sometimes. If the skin is not too much broken, soda dissolved in water is excellent. Use as much soda as the water will take up, or until there begins to be a deposit in the bottom of the dish, then wet several thicknesses of old, soft cloth in the solution, and lay them one upon the other over the surface of the burn. When this seems dry, instead of removing the cloths and disturbing the wound, wet them until the solution soaks down through to the skin. That is one remedy. Shall I tell you of any more?"

"Yes, go on."

"Another good thing is said to be dry earth sifted, and either applied dry directly to the wound, or mixed with lime water, or with glycerine, and cloths wet in it, laid upon the burned surface. Equal parts of linseed oil and lime water also make a good dressing. One of the very best of all, physicians declare to be white lead mixed with linseed oil—the lead being added to the oil gradually until it has the consistency of cream. This may be put on with a soft brush, or an old cloth which is clean and soft. But in each and all of these cases, it is necessary to put on the cotton batting and outer protecting bandage."

"Do tell me why," I said.

"You really want to know it all," she answered, laughing. "Are you intending to start out as a nurse?"

"No," I answered, "but everybody is liable to meet with accidents, and I would like to be Emergency's Mistress instead of of having her mine. Knowledge is power always."

"You are right," she said gently, "I was only joking. The object of using the cotton is to entirely exclude the air, in which are floating the minute spores, invisible to the naked eye, but sure to make trouble if they come in contact with the wound, for they cause ulceration. Many physicians prefer the dry dressing because these same infinitesimal mischief-makers are found in water, and in that way reach the injury. I think the simple cotton dressing with the vaseline upon the unbroken, but inflamed skin, is best for Ted."

"When shall you change the dressing?" I asked.

"I hope not to be obliged to disturb it until nine or ten days are passed. However that will be determined later on."

I went to my room feeling that I had added considerably to my stock of practical knowledge since the morning, and resolving that I would gain all that I could during the rest of my stay from this best of mothers and most wise among women.

When I awoke the next morning, the sun was shining gloriously, and all things looked as if they had been bathed in the fountain beautiful. My first thought was of Ted, and how the night had been passed. Slipping on my dressing gown I stole softly across the hall into the room, the door of which stood open. Ted lay there wide awake, his face pale, but his eyes clear and bright. I knew he was improving.

"Just hear them sing," he said, as he saw me entering, and I paused to listen to the burst of bird melody that rushed through the window to our ears.

"It is beautiful," I said. "Perhaps the birds know you have been burned, and are trying to comfort you."

"Do you believe they do, auntie?" he asked, his eyes dilating with pleasure at the thought.

"I shouldn't wonder at all, Ted. If we only knew bird language, we could be sure. But where is mamma, and how is the arm this morning?"

"Mamma's gone to get me something to eat, and my arm don't ache, but it hurts to move it any," he replied, answering in the order I had asked.

Just then she entered, bringing a pretty little wine-glass with, perhaps, two tablespoonfuls of liquid citrate of magnesia which, after a bright good morning to me, she gave to him, telling him that he should soon have something to eat. Later on some nice toast served upon a dainty plate was given him for breakfast. And I may add here that he was allowed nothing heartier until the third morning when a nicely cooked egg varied his diet.

Ted remained in bed until the 48 hours were passed, much against his inclination, for, as he said, he felt just like playing. This, however, his mother did not allow, though to keep him quiet and happy necessitated the spending of much of our time by his bedside. EMILY S. BOUTON.

To be Continued.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Parlor Dusting Bag.—A very quaint fancy is this of a dusting bag, which is pretty enough to hang in the parlor, and useful enough to earn a place there. Make a bag of cheese cloth 14 inches long and 8 inches wide, having one end projecting beyond the other for eight inches. Cut this pointed to lap over on the sront. Make an inner bag of some bright colored silesia, slip into the cheese cloth one and sew together around the top. Trim the everlapping point with lace. Across the bottom put a fringe of loops of narrow ribbon, of the same, or a contrasting color of the silesia. Have two large rings, one to put upon the point, the other to draw the pointed end through as far as necessary, where it is fastened, and used to hang the bag by. Tassels of ribbon are tied on both rings. The duster is a square of cheese cloth nicely hemmed and placed in the bag, its purpose being to wipe off the delicate piece of bric-a-brac that are now so much a part of the furnishing of a house.

Scarfs of all kinds still retain their popularity. They may be made elaborately or consist simply of a length of some elegant material finished at the ends perhaps with some balls or tassels of pretty design. They give evening fall the display of individual taste, as much or more than any other adornment.

The question in regard to curtains for a book case will be answered next week.—ED.

M king Rugs.—Some one wanted to know how to make a rug. I will tell you how I make them: Take a coffee sack, any size you wish; tear off a strip of old cotton, about four inches wide, tack it around the outside for a border; then take a needle and black thread, run it around the inside of the border, then you will have your border straight. You can make your borders any pattern you choose, mine are hit or miss. Cut your rags about as wide as common carpet rags. Cut them about four inches long, and have a mixture of wool, and all colors. Take the rug on your lap, double a rag and tack the end to the border, then tuck the rag, putting two stitches in every tuck. Go in a zig zag direction, and take a different color every time.

A flower pot, or a basket of flowers, is nice for the inside. Cut your pattern any shape you wish; pin it on where you want it, then run around with thread; then remove the pattern, and put the rags on as you did on the border. Use green for leaves, and brown or gray for the ground work. You can make a great many flowers without a pattern. Put a small piece of yellow, or white, in the middle. For fall roses tuck around with blue. For pinks, red or white. A snowball would take four or five tucks of white. It is best to cut your work as you go along. Take the smallest point of your scissors, insert it in every tuck, and cut it. When it is all cut evenly, it looks like velvet and will last twenty years. It does not take half as many rags as a rug made with a hook, and one can make it at odd spells and not miss the time.—MRS. B. BURGESS, Woodhull, Ill.

Feather Stripe.—I see a request to describe a feather stripe in carpet; now I will give my way: You must cut the rags fine enough so when they are doubled and twisted they will be the same size of your single rags; have one color white and the other black, or any other color you think best so you have the two colors; twist one-half your rags one way and half the other way; put a plain stripe between the feather stripe of any color you think best; put your fancy stripe about a quarter of a yard apart and fill in your odd colors between. I think this is a very pretty way.—GRANDMOTHER.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit p, purl or seam p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch et, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st., crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o e st, open embroidery stitch; w, work; rep, repeat.

Fancy Pattern for Stocking.—Cast on 73 stitches.—1st row—p 1—k 7—*—p 2—t t o—k 1—t t o twice—p 2—n—k 7—*—repeat every round from * to * until 9 stitches remain—p 2—k 7. 2d row—p 1—k 7—*—p 2—k 1—t t o—k 1—t t o—k 1—p 2—n—k 5—*. 4th row—p 1—k 7—*—p 2—k 5—p 2—n—k 3—*. 5th row—p 1—k 7—*—p 2—k 7—p 2—n—k 2—*. 6th row—p 1—k 7—*—p 2—k 9—*—repeat from first row.

Another.—Cast on 73 stitches—Knit 20 rounds ribbed and 20 plain. 1st row—*—p 2—n—t t o—k 2—*—repeat from * to * until 13 stitches remain—p 2—k 11. 2d row—*—p 2—k 2—t t o—n—*—repeat from * to * until 13 stitches remain—p 2—k 11. Repeat from first row. Both patterns are beautiful and correct.—MRS. JUDGE BOBBERG, New Melle, Mo.

Narrow Lace.—I will give "Julia" directions for narrow crocheted lace which I think will be about an inch wide if crocheted with spool cotton No. 24. Make a chain of 10 stitches—1st row—Miss 2, 3 d c in the next, 2 ch, miss 3, 3 d c in the next, 2 ch, 1 d c in last stitch; 2d row—3 ch, 3 d c worked under the first 2 ch, 2 ch, 3 d c in next space, 2 ch, 1 d c on the edge; 3d row—2 ch, 2 d c in first space, 2 ch, 3 d c in next space, 2 ch, 6 d c (under the 3 ch at the end of last row) separated by 2 ch, fastened down at the end of first row; 4th row—3 d c between the first and second d c, fasten down in the same place, *3 d c between the next 2 d c, fasten down in the same place, repeat from * 3 times, then 3 d c in first space, 2 ch, 3 d c in next space, 2 ch, 1 d c on the edge. Repeat from first row.—BERTHA.

Correspondence.

THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN—No. 15.—ABOUT PRAYER.—Shall we teach our children to pray? Yes, from the cradle and death, soon as they can lisp teach them to lisp "Our Father." There are few things more sublimely beautiful and holy than an infant's prayer. Some persons object to such a course and say, "They do not know what they are praying for." Of course, they do not understand anything of life and death, nor when nor how to pray. That is for you to teach them. If children at once understood everything that they should, teaching would be unnecessary. But they know nothing, and everything is to be taught them. They have everything to learn, and if they are left untrained and untaught, they will pick up a scrap of information here and there, and much of what they can gain in that manner will be poisonous. Would you allow your child to gather the sustenance for the body from doubtful sources, in the fields, hedges and highways, and eat the deadly nightshade, because of its want of knowledge? And such a course would be no more reprehensible, nor more dangerous than that pursued by many in regard to the food for the mind. The mind must have food, and if it should be detrimental, and the fountain of thought become vitiated and perverted, not only the inner life of the child is endangered, but the life of the body also. For the mind and body act upon each other in a manner which we do no not fully understand, neither do we know just how far and to what extent they are dependent upon each other. But thus much we do know, that when the mind of any person is ruined the body is worthless. And we also know that evil habits once formed become tyrants dominating over the individual. And it is a good thing to fall into right habits. By frequently performing an action it will come to be habitual, and we can continue in it without weariness. Then teach your children to pray early in life and let it become a habit with them to pray; and they will, in all probability, lead thoughtful, prayerful lives. Do not wait till they are older, for it is not advisable. They are wanting in understanding who advise parents to wait till their children reach maturity of mind and body before teaching them of morality or religion. Early impressions are easily made, and they are lasting as life itself. The Catholics say, "Let us have a child the first seven years of its life, and we do not care who has charge of it the rest of the way, it will be a Catholic." And a noisy infidel says that he was an infidel before he was five years old. I asked a man once why he did not set up a family altar and pray in his home, and he replied, "I'm too wicked." Well, the wicked have most need of prayer; and if you cannot teach your children to pray it is because you have not learned yourself how to pray. Get your Bible and brush off the dust, if you possess a copy, and if you have none, buy one, and learn how to pray and when to pray and what to pray for. There are explicit instructions there, and forms for your guidance. And while you are learning to pray you will be better employed than ever you were before. And buy a cheap home. I have a fair knowledge of farming, am a carpenter by trade, have worked on the I. C. R. R. as tank builder. Address JOE GLADSTONE, Champaign, Ill.

Will it be proper for a young lady in making a monogram for a gentleman to put in the profession, as professor or reverend?—LONELY WANDERER.

The the BLADE of February 3, "Minnie Carol" gives directions for crocheting star stitch but only the first row. I should be much obliged for second row also.—MRS. G. F. GILMAN.

Will some readers of the BLADE send directions for crocheting wide lace suitable for pillow cases, ladies' skirts etc.? Also will some one send recipes for soups, and for dumplings that will not fall and get heavy?

Does Miss Bouton's book contain crocheted lace patterns?—SUBSCRIBER. It does not.—ED.

If there are a few of the lady readers of the BLADE that are collecting for a cabinet and have nothing from New Hampshire, I will be glad to help them to a few specimens of stone from this state,—MRS. C. C. DAY, Warren, N. H.

Will "Alimo" please address with particulars?—C. T. Box 76, Ashton, Lee county, Ill?

Answers to Inquiries.

In reply to Mrs. R. C. Johnson's request for a cure for lumps on a child's neck, I would say get a box of Russia salve, and spread a plaster of the salve quite thick. Do not warm it. We have used it for years and think we can not get on without it. Will cure a burn in twenty minutes. Is good for burns, scalds, cuts, bruises, and just the thing for caked breasts, will take out the hardness in a few hours if a plaster is spread and put on. She can get it at any drug store. Price is 25 cents.—Box 181, Oconomowre, Wis.

For hard soap I get Babbitt's lye (in tin cans three for 25 cents) the receipt is on the box. In place of 6 lbs. of grease I take 5 lbs. of beef tallow or any clear grease. When through stirring, turn out in large bread pans; when just cool cut in squares. A day or two will dry it hard; will be nice and white. I never miss it. This for Lizzie.

To renovate feather beds after sickness or any other time, lay the tick on the freezing ground a nice clear night. I throw mine across the clothesline in daylight. At night turn other side down. Have left them out for a week. This is better than washing. The ground draws the filth out. Be careful to have nice and dry when taken in.—ELLEN M.

Tell Mrs. S. G. to put one teaspoonful of castor oil in the earth around the roots of her calla lily, and she will probably be as much gratified as some of her HOUSEHOLD sisters have been.—MRS. L. P. SMITH, Linden, Genesee Co., N. Y.

Please tell "Patient Waiter" to use a strong tea as a wash made of white oak bark, for diseased gums; also, a strong tea made of sage good.

If "Alimo" will write me full particulars, I think I can help her find what she is looking for.—MRS. J. L. SHIELDS, Sheffield, Warren Co., Pa.

If Miss R. A. P. will address Lock Box H, Thornburg, Iowa, she will hear of different places that might suit her.—G. G. B.

About canary birds:—In reply to the question "How to rid them of lice," if Mrs. Cunningham will put insect powder under the wings and feathers quite thoroughly about twice, and put one drop of kerosene in the bathing water, I think it will be satisfactory; at least it proved to be with my bird. Will say to "Pinkie" that a bird needs salt. When it eats the quill end of its feathers, give it a little mashed potato containing salt.—MRS. C. R. BEWEY.

In answer to "A Stranger," "Social Etiquette" can be had by sending $1 to the Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, O. It will answer the question you ask.—ED.

Some one asks how to wash flannels: Make a suds of warm soft water and any good soap. Let the flannel soak ten or fifteen minutes, then wash them. Do not use any more soap if you can get them clean without it. Rinse them in warm water, and dry them quickly in a warm room. Never freeze woolen. Use as little soap as possible and never put them in cold water. Fold while still damp and press with a warm iron. I do not wring woolen, but squeeze them, then shake the water out. My baby's flannels look new until they are worn out.—A NEW READER.

Recipes.

Cream Candy.—Granulated sugar, 1 lb.; 3 tablespoonfuls of vinegar; 1 teaspoonful of cream tartar; sufficient water to moisten the sugar. Add the cream tartar when the syrup begins to boil. Just before taking off add 1 teaspoonful of lemon extract. Do not stir while boiling. When cool pull until white and cut in squares.

Cream Sponge Cake.—Break 2 eggs in a large teacup. Beat well. Fill to the top of cup with sweet cream. Take same quantity of sugar. Flour for smooth batter. Flavor with lemon. Bake as a layer cake, with icing or jelly. Two teaspoonfuls baking powder.—WILLIE'S WIFE.

Cheese Omelet, with Tomato Sauce.—Seven eggs, 1 tablespoonful butter, pepper and salt. Whip whites and yolks together. Heat the butter to hissing, but not until it browns. Season the eggs, pour into the frying-pan, and shake with a tossing movement until the omelet is set. Strew the surface with grated cheese and fold the omelet upon this. Turn out on a flat dish and pour the sauce around, not on it.

Sauce.—Stew a cupful of tomatoes ten minutes with a bit of onion. Strain through a colander, season with a little sugar, pepper and salt to your liking, set over the fire, and when it bubbles stir in a tablespoonful of butter, rolled in a half teaspoonful of corn starch. Boil a minute and pour out.—A FRIEND.

Mother's and Grandmother's Poor Man's Pudding.—Here it is: One and one-half pints of sifted corn meal; sour milk enough to make into a stiff batter. Stir in plenty of cranberries; 1 egg; half teacupful sugar, salt and soda the same as to make corn bread. Put into a small sack, then put either a spoon or a knife without a handle down through the center, then tie up and put into a pot of clear boiling water. Keep pot covered and boil for two and a half or three hours according to size, then use with sugar and cream.—M. J. KIERSEY.

Tomato Soup.—Pare and slice four large ripe tomatoes and place them in a pan over the fire. (This amount of canned tomatoes will do as well.) Cook until tender, then add water the size of two quart; sweet milk 1 quart; salt and pepper to taste. Let come to a boil, then add two dozen oyster crackers, broken but not rolled. Serve while hot with more crackers on the table. Some one please try this and report.—A SUBSCRIBER'S WIFE.

To Cure Sick Headache.—Be careful with the diet. Eat only one or two different articles of food at meal time, and let that be oatmeal or graham, with plenty of cooked fruit. Sick headache is caused by indigestion and overeating, and if one will regulate their diet according to the ability of the stomach to digest, sick headache will be an ailment of the past with them. For immediate relief, an hour or two before the headache comes on, drink one or two cupfuls of black tea, as strong as it can be made.—SUNSET.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

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Johnie Megee,
Willie Woods,
Magnes Easlie,
Addie Williams,
Hosea Shackelheard,
Maggie Parnigan,
Rose A Vaughn,
Lennie Thompson,
Bob Fox,
Willie Fox,
Thera Guernsey,
Florence Brewer,
John Woods.
Flora Megee,
Billie Megee,
Laura Megee,
Enal Burris,
S W Hensley.
Ulie Williams,
Clayton Baynham,
Ernie Wakefield,
Addie Parnigan.

STANTON, ONE.
Warren Richardson,
Bruce Jones,
Bert Veal,
Frank Scully,
Eddie Waters,
Bert Waters,
Arthur Ward,
Mary Crabtree,
Cora Jones,
Mary Pedigo,
Aggie Shelly,
Rosa Ward,
Myrtle Scully.
Ida Cole,
Emma Hocye.

PHILO, ILL.
Eddie Wimmer,
Glenn Robinson,
Leslie Bridges,
Willie Oliver,
Early Woodside,
Archie Bowden,
Willie Churchill,
Tom Marquett,
Jessie Lovell,
John Lowry,
Otto Winfield.
Floyd Churchill,
Charley Snyder,
Fred Lawrence,
Cyrus Everitt.

DE FUE, ILL.
Roy C Searl,
Cora Searl,
Lee A Searl.

WASHINGTON, D. C.
Hallie B B Smith,
Roger G Smith.

Names this week, 234. Total, 18,515.

The above embraces all names received up to February 24.

OUR REAL RULER.

This a free country?
Well, may be,
So long as you haven't
A baby.

Young or old, tho' golden
Or gray be
Our heads, we're all ruled by
A baby.

Fond and foolish the werds that
We say
When we bow to that tyrant,
The baby.

The wise man's a fool and
A dupe
And a hobby-horse for his
Own baby.

But, of light in our homes, where'd
A ray be
Without the bright cherub,
The baby?

Then hallowed and blest let
The day be
That brought that dear despot,
The baby?

—*Boston Globe.*

VOTING FOR PAPA.

"Good morning my little man; and who will you vote for to-day?" So said a neighbor to little Jimmie Lambert, a brave five year old. It was village election day, and the neighbor was on his way to the polls. Jimmie straightened himself up, and was puzzled but for a moment; a bright thought struck him.

"I—I'm going to vote for my papa," he said, as if there could be no doubt about the propriety of that.

"I guess you are hardly big enough," replied the man laughing, "but you might try."

Jimmie's old plays suddenly grew stale. Here was a new thing that men were doing, and he wanted to do the same; for all play is but an imitation of real life, whether it to be the play of children in the nursery or of grown up people on the stage. But he was sorely puzzled how to do it, and after trying several things, and calling them voting, he said to his little sister, fourteen months younger than himself:

"Mamie, le's go an' vote down town," and off they went. But mamma saw them. Now Mrs. Lambert was somewhat out of humor that day, for Mr. Lambert, while fuddled with beer at the saloon, had just made a peculiarly unfortunate bargain. He had traded his cow, one main support of his family, for a washing machine which some smoothed tongue guzzler assured him would do their washing before breakfast—meaning, of course, if they commenced early enough! Mrs. Lambert was kneading bread and brooding over this matter when she spied the two children just turning into the street.

"Jimmie!" she cried. "James Henry! Do you hear me? Come into the house."

James Henry obeyed, though reluctantly.

"I'm goin' to vote for papa," he said by way of apology.

"I wish you would vote for him," retorted Mrs. Lambert, as she went into the pantry after some flour, "that he wouldn't have any saloon to go to."

This was taken at once by Jemmie as his mother's permission to go to the voting forthwith, and slipping out of the door he was soon on his way to the town hall, carefully leading Mamie by the hand.

The usual question of license or no license was before the people, and as the contest was expected to be very close the excitement ran high. Each side had computed its forces, and was seeing their last man was brought in. The large room was full of men looking on, passing tickets, keeping tally of the voters, or discussing the situation in loud tones. Jimmie, still holding Mamie's hand, timidly twitched a man's coat and looked up in his face.

"I want to vote for my papa," he said.

"You are too small, my little man to—"

"Who is it?" cried a second.

"Jim Lambert's children," responded some one.

"Lobbying for a new candidate!"

"Give him a vote!"

"Give the boy a chance!"

So ran the exclamations around the room.

"Give us a speech," said a brawny gunsmith. "What office does your pa want?" And so saying he stood the children side by side upon the judges' table. All were hushed for a moment, in expectation of something to cause fresh merriment. Some who had just come in stood with their ballots in their hands, enjoying the diversion with the rest.

"Poor little thing!" said one in a sympathizing whisper, as if to suggest that the play had gone far enough. Jimmie's lips trembled, but he managed to say:

"I want to vote for my papa."

"Jimmie's doin' to vote for our pa," repeated Mamie, in a prompt, clear voice, "so'e won't do to s'loon!"

The merriment was over. And almost painful awe crept over that assembly of men, as if in the voice of helpless childhood they had heard the voice of God.

"Won't none of yez help these babies?" cried an Irishman. "Sure on I've a moind to help 'em meself."

"Give 'em some tickets!" shouted a voice. It was a happy thought, and no sooner said than done.

"I'll count for yez, me little man," continued the Irishman, and he took a ballot from Jimmie's hand, folded, and voted it. Then what a wild hurrah went up from that crowd! An officer rapped for order.

"The boy has voted; now who'll vote for the little girl?" cried the gunsmith.

"That's me!"

"I'm another!"

"I'm your man, little one!" And three hands were outstretched for ballots, drawing them from Mamie's closed fist.

Another cheer went up!

"You must remove the children, gentlemen, and stand back a little," commanded one of the judges, rising. As they were being lifted down another cheer arose, with cries of "Good!" "That's it!" and all eyes were turned to the corner band teacher's blackboard, on which a local artist was sketching, in outline, the two children, with an inscription over and under, like this:

VOTERS, ATTENTION!

"PLEASE VOTE FOR PA, SO'E WON'T GO TO S'LOON!"

In vain did the other side try to dampen the enthusiasm. The children triumphed, and the prohibition board was elected by thirty-one majority. And so Jemmie did vote for his pa, and won!—*Our Church Banner.*

For the Young Folks.

MY FIRST EXPERIENCE.

J. M. J.

I had been wanting a shotgun for three or four years—desperately wanting one. I had even gone so far as to ask my father's permission to buy an old musket, worth nothing, although I did not know it at the time. It was an old, rickety, powder-burnt concern, worth about twenty-five cents; and its owner taking advantage of my eager desire to possess a gun, induced me to believe it was worth five dollars, a sum which I agreed to pay, upon condition that I succeeded in obtaining my father's consent.

My father happened to be familiar with guns, and knocked the whole arrangement in the head. "Besides, you are too young to have a gun," he would say, "you are too small potatoes to even look at a gun." Such is little comfort in ill-gotten gains. "Honesty is the best policy." A single act of deception or of meanness will sometimes put an end to all the love and joy and peace in a household. There is no real comfort to a supplanter in the home where he has proved himself false.

He took one of the stones of the place, and put it under his head, and lay down to sleep (v. 11.) Whatever else Jacob is to be blamed for, it is not for this. He was making the best of his case, and that is always praiseworthy. Some men would get more comfort out of a brush cabin in the woods than others would out of a first class hotel. Then they would find less to growl over, if they had lost their way in a wet, dark night, than the others would while sitting in their own dining-room before a well spread table. There always is a brighter side to every case. Stone pillows are better than nothing to keep the head from the ground. And sleep is a comfort anywhere. "When we find ourselves away from home and friends, with nothing better than the ground to lie on, and with the night shutting in about us, instead of giving ourselves up to despair, with the feeling that there will never be daylight again, nor better fare for us elsewhere, let us look at the brighter side of gloomy circumstances, and, taking one of the place for a pillow, let us lie down to sleep.

A ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven; and beheld the angels of God ascending and descending on it (v. 12.) It is not a great way to heaven from the hardest bed we ever lie down on. That bed may be the ground, and our pillow a stone. We may camp out all alone in the world. But at our very side a ladder-foot rests, and the top of that ladder reaches heaven. Instead of being alone in the dreariest night, we are watched over by God's angels coming down to learn our needs, and going back to report them. It would be well if we gave less thought to our bed and more to that ladder, when our needs are greatest.

I will not leave thee, until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of (v. 15.) Just so long as one of God's promises to a believer is unfulfilled, that believer may be sure that God is with him to make that promise good. If the path of a child of God seems hopelessly blocked, and he is seemingly alone and in a hopeless need, if he is beset with embarrassments before and behind and on either side, let him look to the Bible promises to a believer in such a case as his. When he finds that God has promised wisdom, guidance, support, strength, safety, deliverance, peace, to those who are in his emergency, he may be sure that God has not deserted him, nor will leave him until the last of these promises is made good to him in its literalness. There is nothing on earth to rest on, nor anything in heaven, in comparison with a specific promise of God.

The Lord is in this place, and I knew it not (v. 16.) The Lord is in a great many places, where men little think of his presence. It is taken for granted that he is in his sanctuary. Men understand that he is near when they go to the place of social prayer, or when they drop on their knees in their closets. But when they are driving a sharp bargain and trying to overreach a neighbor; when they are giving way to ill-temper or meanness; when they are thinking evil all by themselves; when they are in places or in company they would be ashamed of, if the facts were made public—then do not realize that the Lord is there, just as surely as at the communion table, and that they are as truly in his presence, and face to face with him, as they would be on their death beds. Wherever you are, the Lord is in that place whether you realize it or not. "The Lord is in this place."

Of all that thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto thee (v. 22.) This was not an attempt on Jacob's part to bribe the Almighty. Nor was it an invention by Jacob of a peculiar standard of religious giving. It was simply a recognition by him of the fair thing, in the use of all his worldly gettings from God,—and what would he ever have that did not come from God? He never had been a tither when it was right to give the Lord less than one-tenth of all one's income. There never has been since Jacob's day. Long before then, Jacob's grandfather had turned over the one-tenth of the spoils of battle to the Lord's priest, before he handed the remainder to the king of Sodom. The man who calls himself a Christian, and gives less than one-tenth of his income to the Lord, is a meaner man than Jacob, and has a lower standard than the king of Sodom, who was entirely unaccustomed to count the giving of tithes a duty.—*H. Clay Trumbull in Sunday School Times.*

The Sunday School.

Jacob at Bethel.

LESSON 11, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1887.

Golden Text—Surely the Lord is in this place.—Gen. 28; 16.

LESSON TEXT.

Gen. 28: 10-22.

10. And Jacob went out from Beersheba and went toward Haran.

11. And he lighted upon a certain place, and tarried there all night, because the sun was set; and he took the stones of that place, and put them for his pillows, and lay down in that place to sleep.

12. And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven; and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it.

13. And, behold, the Lord stood above it, and said, I am the Lord God of Abraham thy father, and the God of Isaac; the land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed;

14. And thy seed shall be as the dust of the earth; and thou shalt spread to the west and to the east, and to the north, and to the south; and in thee and in thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed.

15. And, behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land; for I will not leave thee, until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of.

16. And Jacob awaked out of his sleep, and he said, Surely the Lord is in this place and I knew it not.

17. And he was afraid, and said, How dreadful is this place; this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.

18. And Jacob rose up early in the morning, and took the stone that he had put for his pillows, and set it up for a pillar, and poured oil upon the top of it.

19. And he called the name of the place Bethel; but the name of the place was called Luz at the first.

20. And Jacob vowed a vow, saying, If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on,

21. So that I come again to my father's house in peace; then shall the Lord be my God;

22. And this stone, which I have set for a pillar, shall be God's house; and all that thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto thee.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

Jacob went out from Beersheba (v. 10.) Sin spoils a home. One square lie told in the hope of temporal gain turns a brother into an enemy, grieves the heart of an aged father, makes a mother anxious for the safety of her favorite child, and forces the liar to fly for his life, and to be a stranger thenceforward from his boyhood's home. It doesn't pay to lie and cheat. There is little comfort in ill-gotten gains. "Honesty is the best policy." A single act of deception or of meanness will sometimes put an end to all the love and joy and peace in a household. There is no real comfort to a supplanter in the home where he has proved himself false.

He took one of the stones of the place, and put it under his head, and lay down to sleep (v. 11.) Whatever else Jacob is to be blamed for, it is not for this. He was making the best of his case, and that is always praiseworthy. Some men would get more comfort out of a brush cabin in the woods than others would out of a first

The Farm.

Information Wanted.

SUBSCRIBER, Scottdale, Pa.—To cure your colt of profuse staleing, feed him regularly. If you use drugs of any kind, stop them at once. Feed no boiled food. Completely change the diet you have been giving, then give a pint of linseed oil as a cathartic. Afterward place a tablespoonful of chalk in the drinking water for two days. Then give iodine, 20 grains; iodide of potassium, 1 drachm; carbonate of soda, 4 drachms. This dose is to be given three times a day in water for, say, two days. If a cure is not effected, repeat for two days, a week afterward.—ED.]

F. W. LONGER, Golden, Colorado.—[The BLADE some time ago gave instructions for making a cheap incubator, but without appropriate cuts to illustrate it is difficult to give a clear idea of how to make one. As cheap incubators do not always give satisfactory results, we think you would be disappointed in one after it was made.—ED.]

S. J. R., Indiana, wishes to know how his young stallions may be made docile. They are so treacherous that he is almost afraid to go into the stall where they are tied. They are two years old in May. He has treated them with kindness as well as harshly, but they are yet vicious. They strike with their fore feet. What reader can give him proper advice?—ED.

W. M. B., Ogallah, Kan.: Your horse has an attack of rheumatism. For cure, see answer to Charles W. Buell, Sheridan, Or. For the obstinate running at the nose, give syrup of the iodide of iron in half ounce doses twice daily for about three days, and inject into this once in the morning for three days with sulphate of zinc, one and a half drachms, tepid water, four pints. This treatment after the horse has got over the attack of rheumatism.—ED.

B. H., Ohio: Lameness of the shoulder is indicated by the limb being relaxed, the knee bent, the foot behind its fellow, or the foot swung in a half circle, not much elevated. Lameness of the foot is shown by the foot being lifted straight up, or that in the lame hind foot alone by the foot being bent "knuckling over," or off the ground.—ED.

MR. LEVI CLUTTS, Eleo, Illinois, asks if we know who has Polled Angus cattle which they would let out to be raised on shares. We do not know of any one who has.—ED.]

MR. W. GETTY, Haven, Iowa: We think the carp you received from the U. S. Fish commissioner will surprise you by the rapid growth they will make. Carp of the kind you received should be at least a foot in length in less than two years. They increase rapidly under favorable conditions. As to where mature carp can be purchased, we should be glad to give you the information, were it not for the fact that it would be advertising the occupation of men who who are engaged in the business as a money-making matter. As the BLADE cannot give free advertising, it would be well for carp dealers to insert an advertisement in the BLADE.—ED.]

N. A. DRESSER, Leavenworth City, Kan., wishes some reader of the BLADE FARM to give her the best process for propagating apple seed, to get apple sprouts for grafting.

J. J. T. wishes some kind reader to give his views as regards the value of artichokes as a food for hogs; how to raise them, and how to grow them, as well as the average crop on a given piece of ground.

"A READER" would like to know from some of the farmers who have tried Alsike clover, when and how to sow it to obtain the best results. He also wishes to know if it will pay to sow it for the seed, and its value as a foraging crop.—ED.]

H. F. REED, Ashland, Neb.—Your description of the disease with which your cattle affected is not sufficiently extended. All symptoms should be minutely given. However, we think they died from what is known as hoven. This is brought on by over-feeding, damp grasses, etc. Food ferments and gases are evolved. You will find in this disease, a swelling on the left side while the animal is feeding, or shortly afterward. When the swelling is from gaseous, the course now generally pursued is to plunge a trochar into the rumen and allow the gas to escape through the canula. The operation is to be performed on the most prominent part of the swelling, and if the tube becomes checked by the contents of the stomach, it must be kept open with a wire or stick. When the symptoms are not urgent, give a strong solution of ammonia, half an ounce; water, one pint; or whisky or essense of ginger will answer. When the severe symptoms are relieved, a strong purgative is necessary, as epsom salts, half a pound; croton oil, 20 drops; linseed oil, one pint. Prof. Law recommends careful dieting when the animal is liable to frequent returns of the disease, and the following tonic: Fenugreek, iron rust, carbonate of soda, common salt, of each, four ounces; powdered nux vomica, two drachms; mix well, and give a heaping teaspoonful twice daily, in the food. Examine your pasture lands, and see that your cattle eat no mouldy hay or straw. Do not over-feed, or give an excess of corn. By careful observation you may trace out the cause from what has been said above.—ED.]

Charles W. Buell, Sheridan, Oregon: From what you say, your horse may be affected with either navicular disease or rheumatism. Navicular disease is an ulceration of the navicular tendon of the foot, and very often the face of the navicular bone, over which it plays like a pulley, situated at the hollow of the heel. When once inflammation of either of the surfaces has gone on to inflammation, a cure is almost impossible. The symptoms of the disease are: The horse, while standing, rests the heel upon the point. On examining the foot it is often found dry, hot, and perhaps tender at some points. When the disease can be detected at its commencement, a cure may be looked for. The horse should be removed to a loose box. Then give moderate doses of aloes, say four drachms in a ball; if warm and the pulse is fast, give an ounce of saltpetre in the drinking water for three days, night and morning. Remove the shoe and bleed freely at the toe; then poultice the entire foot diligently for a week or so. At the end of this time, after putting on a pattern shoe, blister all around the coronet and pastern with cantharides ointment. The plan is to put in a frog seaton, as well as, or instead of blistering. There are two kinds of rheumatism, chronic and acute. The former affects the joints, and is not attended by fever; but the joint affected is thickened and is stiff. In acute rheumatism the animal moves with great reluctance, is stiff, and fever is present. This may be cured by giving two ounces of tincture of opium in water then a drachm of salicylate of soda every two hours until the temperature is brought down. Should the temperature fall decidedly the remedy must be omitted, but as soon as the temperature attempts to rise, the remedy must be resumed. Warm woolen rugs and bandages must be kept on, loosely applied, and cold air avoided. In the chronic form give carbonate of potash, 1 ounce; nitrate of potash, 1 ounce; iodide of potash, 2 drachms. Give in a pint or two of water.—ED.

F. S. DAGGETT, Buena Vista, Pa.—Stringhalt is a thing that has not been very satisfactorily accounted for by veterinary authors, nor is there any known cure for it. It generally increases with age and work. Rest, cathartics and full doses of belladonna will lessen it for a time, but are of no permanent benefit. But from the way you describe the action of the horse, it may not be string halt. The swinging of the foot would seem to indicate lameness of the elbow or shoulder. Make a careful examination of the parts named. See if there is unnatural heat, and watch the action of the horse while in motion. If you find the disease in either of the places named, write again and we will tell you what to do.—ED.

A READER, Spencerville Ind.—[The annexed is one of the best condition powders we know of: Sulphureted antimony, one ounce; nitrate of potash, eight ounces; flowers of sulphur, twelve ounces; mix and give a table-spoonful every two or three days. This should not be continued for any length of time. We advise against the use of condition powders excepting for a brief period, as they are apt to do more harm than good.—ED.]

RASCALLY BIRDS—COW'S TEAT TORN—WARTS ON CALVES.—Having long been a reader of your paper, and having gained much information from your replies to others, I return now to ask a few questions for the first time myself. Every summer a great colony of blackbirds take possession of my grove, build their nests, and make themselves at home. Now, I should not object to this part, but we have had several disputes over the berries, and I need your legal advice. They get up earlier than I do, and after they have got their breakfast eaten there is not a ripe berry left for me, and they know very well that a raspberry is not ripe when it is red, but will wait till it turns black. Then if I attempt, meekly, to pick a few half ripe ones, they all with one accord, gather in the trees nearest me and shout thief at the top of their voices, till I am shamed away. Is there no redress for me? I hope some one will come to my aid and show me how to triumph over the little villians another year. Can anything be done for a cow's teat torn on wire fence last May, out of which the milk continues to drip half way up the side. She gives 5 or 6 quarts a day now from the other three, but that one we cannot milk at all. Still it will not dry up. The cow is young, and if there is any way of stopping this annoyance before she comes in again, I shall be glad to know. What will take off some big warts on the face and eyelid of a spring calf, or will they go away of their own accord?—J. P. [There are several ways recommended for keeping birds away from berries, but we believe that none of them have proven effective. It is said that where there are two or three cats about a house, and a bird can be killed for each of them, feeding them to the cats where the birds congregate, the taste is sufficient to make them hunt for more, and they will be on hand as soon as the birds in the morning. When the cats begin to catch the birds, they become frightened, and do not return. Perhaps some reader of the BLADE FARM can tell J. P. a way to prevent depredations by birds. As to the torn teat, Take a sponge and wash it with a little soft water and soap to clean it. Then bring the torn parts together and run a needle through the edges, wrapping both ends of the needle with silk thread; or the wound may be kept together with sticking-plaster. If the wound is an old one, as in your cow, before bringing it together it should be be washed with carbolic acid and water —say a sixteenth of an ounce of the acid to a pint of water. The cow should have an ounce of saltpetre placed in the drinking water, morning and night, for a week. Give also moderate quantities of water and such food (dry) as does not produce milk, if you wish to dry her up. A well-oiled quill may be inserted in the teat, but be careful not ta push it up too high.

The quill should have a circular leather collar, about an inch in diameter, and may be kept in place by a piece of sticking plaster. If the milk is caked, injections of saturated solution of bicarbonate of potash in warm water, with a small syringe with a long nozzle is recommended. We think the warts on the calf will disappear as it grows older. If not, paint them lightly with per-mangenate of potash.—ED.]

THOMAS LAW, Kansas—Your mare that is getting old is affected with what is known as dyspepsia. The first thing to be done will be: Give raw linseed oil, 16 oz.; oil of aniseed, 2 drs.; sweet spirits of nitre, 2 oz. After this has operated give this tonic: Bicarbonate of soda, ½ oz.; powdered gentian, ½ oz.; nux vomica, 20 grs. For one dose, twice daily, for three or four days. Examine the teeth and see if they are sound. Do not give much food that is hard to masticate.—ED.

Received.

Lovett's Guide to Fruit Culture. This is an exceedingly handsome book of 70 pages, finely illustrated and embellished with a beautiful chromo-lithograph cover and several artistically executed colored plates of fruits. Contains a large variety of useful information. J. T. Lovett, Little Silver, N. J.

Fountain Park, Piqua, Ohio. Standard Bred Trotting Stock. Fifty page pamphlet.

Kitchen Garden for March.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—In the Middle States spring has arrived, according to the calendar, but the experienced gardener is not to be caught by arbitrary terms, and though March and the almanac may indicate spring, frost and storm, and caution him to care and patience, he will wait the progress of the month and bide his time

Artichokes dress, plant; asparagus, sow; plant the colossal roots; beets, extra early; Philadelphia turnip and Early Blood turnip, sow; cabbage, sow in a sheltered place, if not already in hot-bed; test the Wakefield, Red Erfurt and Estampes, especially the last named; carrots, early horney, sow; cauliflower, attend to those under glass; celery, sow; cress, sow; compost, prepare; lettuce, prepare for later hot-beds; horse-raddish, plant; hot-beds, make, also force; lettuce, sow, prick out; mushroom, beds, attend to; mustard, sow; onions, put out as sets, those known as "Philadelphia buttons" much the best; parsnips, sow, the sugar is the best; peas, Bliss's American wonder, Invicta and Telephone, sow, also McLean's Advancer and McLean's Little Gem, which I can recommend with confidence; potatoes, early, plant, the early rose is admirable in every respect; raddish, the long scarlet and red white turnip, sow, the "Strass-Leaved" long scarlet, an improvement on the old long scarlet. I recommend; rhubarb, sow; plant roots; sage, sow; plant; tomato, sow in hot-bed; turnip, strap leaved Early Dutch, sow; but generally be it observed, so far north as Philadelphia, these directions will apply better to April than March. —J. D. LEISURE, Lansing, Mich.

Register for Angora Goats.

At the meeting of the American Mohair association, a correspondent of the *Cultivator* sends that journal the resolution relating to registration, the register being, as we understand, to include both pedigree and quality. The resolution is as follows:

Resolved, That no animal shall be admitted unless its fleece and undergrowth of hair be entirely white; that no animal shall be admitted unless it be entirely covered with mohair, without mane or coarse hair; that the register be divided into two classes, No. 1 and No. 2; that the first requisition for eligibility to the first class, the purity of blood; that the application for admission to make affidavit before a notary public that he believes, to the best of his knowledge, that the animals in question are descendants of imported stock; that such class be composed of three degrees of excellence, and that such standards shall be agreed upon by a committee appointed for that purpose; that the second class shall be composed of grades of also three degrees of the same excellence as class one, etc.

Pecan Culture.

Please allow me space in your great farmer's friend to answer the numerous inquiries as to pecan culture? I will say at the outset that what I know of the pecan is from observation and from nature, as the tree has never been cultivated as a crop in this country, although this seems to be its home. The trees require a deep, rich, loam soil and makes best on sandy soil, though does well on black wax soil with sandy subsoil. A moist creek or branch bottom will do well if drained so the water will not stand. In planting a grove I would always select a rich piece of bottom land subject to overflow, but not a pond. Plant trees 50 feet each way; keep down all other undergrowth, or which is better, cultivate any crop I wish, as cultivation improves the growth of both trees and nuts. Use same precautions in setting as you would any forest tree, but on very stiff land, I should partly fill in with sand, as it will yield to the pressure of the young roots more readily. Where land is no object, I would give 100 feet, and when ten feet high, I would cut back to eight, which will give three or more branches. When they are six feet long, cut back to five, which will double the number. They will be in bearing at from five to eight years, and by that time will shade the land to such an extent that cultivation will be profitless as for other crops. The yield will be small at first, but will increase with size. I have seen fifteen bushels taken from one tree, and they grow in the Mississippi valley to be five feet in diameter. In planting seed, never cover more than two or three inches deep; planting in a mixture of sand and good garden soil, when they will be sure to keep moist, but not wet and too deep to freeze, as I think that necessary to their germination.—R. S. ALEXANDER, in *Home and Farm*.

The Crop Outlook.

CHICAGO, Feb. 28.—The *Farmer's Review* says: "The winter wheat fields, excepting in Michigan and Wisconsin, have been bare for two weeks and subjected to varying mild and cold weather, but, excepting in Kansas, the outlook for crops continues to be reported as promising.

The best reports come from Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin and Missouri, while the outlook in Illinois is fair, and in Kansas is poor.

In some instances it is reported the fields are bare and dead. There is a very light corn movement in Illinois and in all states west and southwest of Illinois. Fully one-half of the counties of Iowa are importing corn at from 35 to 40 cents per bushel; and this is also true of scattering counties in Minnesota, Wisconsin and Illinois.

Minneapolis Mills.

MINNEAPOLIS, Feb. 24.—The *Northwestern Miller* says: There was a heavy diminution in the flour output last week, it being the the lightest since last March. The cause was the idleness of a large proportion of the mills, resulting from the lifeless flour market. The amount made was 72,375 barrels, averaging 10,340 barrels daily, against 107,855 barrels the preceding week, and 94,600 barrels the corresponding time in 1885. The flour market is unsatisfactory. The exports were again light last week, 36,550 barrels.

Freezing for Want of Fuel.

WINDOM, Minn., Feb. 28.—The people of Windom are in imminent danger of freezing for want of fuel. There are only two cars of wood here and not a lump of coal, and residents are forced to burn their fences and lumber piles. To add to the seriousness of the situation the blizzard of Saturday night, the severest since 1871, covered the railroad with several feet of snow. All the men available were put to work shoveling the road clear, but no train can arrive for some days.

TALMAGE CONCERNING KING DAVID.

How Men and Women Are Playing the Fool To-day All Over Christendom—Neglecting Salvation in the Race for Riches and Pleasure.

BROOKLYN, Feb 20.—The opening hymn at the Brooklyn Tabernacle this morning, sung by the whole congregation, begins:

"Safely through another week
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day."

Prof. Henry Eyre Brown, the organist, rendered Satz No. 1 in C minor, by Thiele. After a running commentary on appropriate passages of Scripture, the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., took for his text: "And he changed his behavior before them, and feigned himself mad in their hands, and scribbled on the doors of the gate, and let his spittle fall down upon his beard." I Sam., xxi, 13. He said:

There is one scene in the life of David that you may not have pondered. You have seen him with a harp playing the devil out of Saul; with a sling, smashing the skull of Goliath; with a sword, hacking to pieces the Philistines; with a scepter, ruling a vast realm; with a psalm, gathering all nations into doxology; but in my text you have been playing a fool. He has been anointed king, yet he is in exile and passing incognito among the Gathites. They begin to suspect who he is, and say: "I wonder if this is not the warrior King David?" It looks like him. Is not this the man about whom they used to make poetry, and about whom they composed a dance, so that the maidens of the city, reeling now on one foot, and now on the other, used to sing: 'Saul has slain his thousands, but David has slain his ten thousands?' Yes, it is very much like David. It must be David. It is David." David, to escape their hands, pretends to be demented. He said within himself: "If I act crazily, then, of course, these people will not injure me. No one would be so much of a coward as to assault a madman." So, one day, while these Gathites are watching David with increased suspicion, they see him standing by the door running his hands meaninglessly up and down the panels—scrabbling on the door as though he would climb up, his mouth wide open, drooling like an infant. I suppose the boys of the streets threw missiles at him; but the sober people of the town said: "This is not fair. Do you not see that he has lost his reason? Do not touch this madman. Hands off! hands off!" So David escaped; but what an exhibition he made of himself before all the ages! There was a majesty in King Lear's madness after Regan and Goneril, his daughters, had persuaded him to banish their sister Cordelia, and all the friends of the drama have been thrilled with that spectacle. The craziness of Meg Merrilies was weird and imposing, and the most telling passage in Walter Scott's "Guy Mannering." There was a fascination about the insanity of Alexander Cruden, who made the best concordance the world ever saw—made it between the madhouses. Some time ago, while I was visiting the insane asylum on Blackwell's Island, a demented woman came up to me and said, in most tragic style:

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform,
He plants his footsteps on the sea
And rides upon the storm."

But there was nothing grand, nothing weird, nothing majestic, nothing sublime about this simulation on the part of David.

Instead of being in the Lord, as he had on other occasions, he gathers before him a vast audience of all generations that were to come, and standing on that conspicuous stage of history, in the presence of all the ages, he impersonates the slavering idiot! "And he changed his behavior before them, and feigned himself mad in their hands, and scribbled on the doors of the gate, and let his spittle fall upon his beard."

Taking the behavior of David as a suggestion, I wish to tell you how many of the wise, and the brave, and the regal sometimes play the fool. And in the first place, I remark, that those men are daily play the fool as this man of the text, who in any crisis of life take their case out of the hand of God. David in this case, acted as though there were no God to lift him out of the predicament. What a contrast between his behavior when this brave little man stood up in front of the giant ten feet in height, and looking into his face, said: "Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield; but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of Hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied. This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand, and I will smite thee, and take thine head from thee, and I will give the carcases of the hosts of the Philistines this day unto the fowls of the air, and to the wild beasts of the earth, that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel;" between that time and this time, when he debased himself, and debraggied his manhood, and affected insanity in order that he may escape from the clutches of the Gathites. In one case he played the hero; in the other case he played the fool. So does every man who, in the great crisis of life, takes his case out of the hand of God.

The life of the most insignificant man in this house is too vast for any human management. One time, returning from the West, I very easily got on the locomotive while passing over the plains, and talked with the engineer; but coming on toward the Allegheny mountains, I thought I would like to sit on the locomotive as it came down from the mountains amidst the most wonderful scenery on this continent. I asked the engineer if I might ride, but he courteously denied me, because the grade is so steep, and so winding, and so perilous, that he must not have any one on the locomotive who may divert his attention when eye, and hand, and foot, and brain must be concentrated, ready for the most sudden emergency. Ah, my friends, life is so steep, and so perilous, and so overlaid to sudden surprises, that none but the Lord Almighty can guide and engineer it, and our disasters come from the fact that we want to get up and help the Lord to manage the train. Keep off the engine! Be willing to let God pull you where he wants to pull you. Do not be so right for an instant to surrender your sanity and manhood as David surrendered his. Put your trust in God, and He will take you through and over the mountains. I very much suspect that all the successful enterprises that were ever carried on, and all the successful lives that have ever been lived, have been a conquering surrender to God. When the girl Victoria was awakened in the night and told that the throne of Great Britain was hers, she said to the prelate informing her: "I ask your prayers," and then and there they knelt down and prayed. Do you wonder that though since that time all the thrones of Europe have fallen or been fearfully shaken, hers stands as firm as the day she ascended it; and in every country under the sun, wherever an Englishman hears that name pronounced, he feels like waving his hat and crying: "God save the Queen!" That man and that woman who put their trust in God, will go through in triumph; while those who attempt to gather under their own supervision the intricate and elaborate affairs of their life, are miserably playing the fool. I stood on the beach, looking off upon the sea; and there was a strong wind blowing, and I noticed that some of the vessels were going that way, and other vessels were going another way. I said to myself: "How is it that the same wind sends one vessel in one direction and another vessel in another direction?" I found out, by looking, that it was the different way they had the sails set. And so does trouble come on this world. Some men it drives into the harbor of heaven, and other men it drives on the rocks. It depends upon the way you have your sails set. All the Atlantic and Pacific oceans of surging sorrow cannot sink a soul that has asked for God's pilotage. The difficulty is, that when we have misfortunes of any kind, we put them in God's hand, and then after there a little while, and then we go and get them again, and bring them back. A vessel comes in from a foreign port. As it comes near the harbor it sees a pilot floating about. It hails the pilot. The pilot comes on board, and he says: "Now, captain, you have had a stormy passage. Go down and sleep, and I will take the vessel into New York harbor." After awhile the captain begins to think: "Am I right in trusting this vessel to that pilot? I guess I'll go up and see." So he comes to the pilot and says: "Don't you see that rock? Don't you see those headlands? You will wreck the ship. Let me lay hold of the helm for awhile for myself, and then I will trust you." The pilot becomes angry, and says: "I will either take care of this ship or not. If you want to, I will get into my yawl and go ashore, or back to my boat." Now we say to the Lord: "O, God, take my life, take my all, in Thy keeping! be thou my guide; be Thou my pilot." We go along for a little while, and suddenly wake up and say: "Things are all going wrong. O, Lord, we are driving on these rocks, and Thou art going to let us be shipwrecked." God says: "You go and rest; I will take charge of this vessel and take it into the harbor." It is God's business to comfort, and it is our business to be comforted. Herbert, the great thinker, philosophized about himself, philosophized about this world, philosophized about everything, then in his dying moments asked that only one word might be cut upon his tombstone, and that word, "Infelicissimus"—most unhappy—descriptive of the state of the lives and of the deaths of those who take their case out of the hand of God. The only appropriate inscription for their banqueting hall, and their equipage, and their grave, and the wall of their eternal prison-house—"Infelicissimus." In drooling, moral idiocy, they are scrabbling at the door of their happiness, which never opens; miserably playing the fool.

Again: I remark that all those persons play the fool, as certainly did this man of the text, who allow the technicalities of religion to stop their salvation. David was wise about a great many things, but his cuttings-up in the text for a little while eclipsed his character. And I know wise men and great men, competent for all other stations, who are acting a silly and foolish part in regard to the technicalities of religion. They ask some questions which we cannot answer categorically, and so they burst into a broad guffaw, as though it is of any more interest to us than it ought to be to them. About the atonement, about God's decrees, about man's destiny, they ask a great many questions which we cannot answer, and so they deride us, as though we could not ask them a thousand questions that they cannot answer about their eyes, about their ears, about their finger nails, about everything.

A fool can ask a question that a wise man cannot answer. O, you caviling men! O, you profound men! O, you learned men, do please admit something. You have a soul? Yes. Will it live forever? Yes. Where? You say that Jesus Christ is not a Divine Savior. Who is he? Where will you go after you leave your law books, and your medical prescriptions, and your sermon-paper, and your newspaper office—where will you go to? Your body will be six feet under ground. Where will your soul be? The black coat will be off, the shroud on. The spectacles will be removed from your vision, for the sod will press your eyelids. Have you any idea that an earthly almanac describes the years of your lifetime? Of what stuff shall I gather the material for the letters of that word which describes your eternal home? Shall it be the iron chain or amaranthine garland? The air that stirs the besweated locks of your dying pillow, will it come off a garden or a desert? O, quit the puzzling questions and try these momentous questions. Quit the small questions and try these great questions. Instead of discussing whether the serpent in Eden was figurative or literal, whether the Mediterranean fish did or did not swallow the recreant prophet, whether this and that or the other thing is right or wrong, come and discuss one question: "How shall I get rid of my sins and win heaven?" That is the question for you. Yea, there have been men who have actually lost their souls because they thought there was a discrepancy between Moses and Prof. Silliman—because they could not understand how there could be light before the sun was made—the light appearing in verse 3 of Genesis, and the sun appearing not until verse 16—and because they do not know how the moon could stand still without upsetting the universe, and because they had decided upon the theory of natural selection. A German philosopher in dying had for his chief sorrow that he had not devoted his whole life to the study of the dative case. O, when your immortality is in peril, why quibble? Quit these non-essentials, my dear brother. In the name of God, I ask you in regard to these matters of the immortal soul, that you do not play the fool.

What is that man doing over in Bowling Green, New York? Well, he is going in for a ticket for a transatlantic voyage. He is quarreling with the clerk about the spots—the red spots on the ticket—and he is quarreling about the peculiar signature of the president of the steamship company, and he is quarreling about the manner of the clerk who hands him the ticket. How long has he been standing there? Three weeks. Meanwhile, perhaps, twenty steamers have gone out of port, and hear the shriek of the steam-tug that could take him to the last vessel that could bear him to his engagement in London. Still he stands in Bowling Green discussing the technicalities. What are you ever in regard to that man? You say he is a fool. Well, in that very way are many men acting in regard to the matters of the soul. They are caviling about the atonement, the red spots on the ticket—about the character of the minister who hands them the ticket—about whether they are regenerated or not, and meanwhile, all their opportunities for heaven are sailing out of the harbor, and I hear the last tap of the bell announcing their last chance of heaven. Go aboard! Do not waste and more time in higgling, and carping, and criticising, and wondering, and in the presence of an astounded universe, play the greatest fool.

I go still further, and say to you that those men play the fool who undertake to pay out eternity for time. How little care do we bestow upon the railroad depot where we stop twenty minutes to dine. We dash in and we dash out again. We do not examine the architecture of the building, nor the fare of the caterer. We simply hunger, we pay our money, and we put on our hat and take our place in the train. What is the depot as compared with the place for which we are bound? Now, my friends, this world is only a stopping place on the way to a momentous destination, and yet how many of us are down as though we had consummated our journey, as though we had come to the final depot, when our stopping here is as compared with our stopping there as is twenty minutes to twelve hours—yea, as the one hundredth part of a second compared with ten thousand million years! Would Spain sell us for a farm a bushel of wheat? Would England sell us India for a ton of coal? Would Venice sell us all her pictures for an American school-boy's sketch? Ah! that would be a better bargain for England, Spain, and Venice than that man makes who gives his eternity for time. Let how many there are who are saying to day: "Give me the world's dollars and you may have the eternal rewards. Give me the world's applause and you may have the garlands of God. Give me twenty, or forty, or sixty years of worldly successes and I don't care what becomes of the future. I am going into that world uninsured. I take the possibility. Don't bother me about your religion. Here I have two worlds before me—this one and the next. I have chosen this. Go away from me God and angels, and all thought of the future!" But where is Cræsus and Cleopatra, and Æsopas, who had one dish of food that cost $1,000,000; and Lentulus, who had a pond of fish worth $175,000; and Scaurus, who bought a country seat for $29,000,000; and Tiberius, who left at death a fortune of $118,120,000? Where are they? If a windy day should blow all the dust that is in left of them into your eyes, it would not make you wink twice. Ah, my friends, then very certainly your comforts of surrounding cannot keep back the old archer. You cannot charm him with music, or dazzle him with plate, or decoy him with pleasures, or bribe him with your money.

What is the use of your struggling for that which you cannot keep? As long as you have clothes and food and shelter and education for yourselves and your children, and the means for Christian generosity, be satisfied. You worry, and tug, and sweat, and wear yourself out for that which cannot satisfy. Whole flocks of crows' feet on on your temples and cheeks before they ought to have come there. You are ten years older than you ought to be, and yet you cannot take along with you into the future world even the two pennies on your eyelids to keep them shut after you are dead. And yet you hold on to this world with the avidity of the miser who persisted in having his bonds and mortgages and notes of hand in the bosom of his dressing-gown while he was dying, and in the last moment held his parchment in such a tight grip that the undertaker after death must also break the man's fingers in order to get the bonds away. Men are actually making that choice, while there are others who have done far differently. When they tried to bribe with money Martin Luther, some one said: "There's no use trying to do that; that Dutch beast cares nothing for gold." When they tried by giving him a cardinal's hat, to bribe Savonarola, he stood up in his pulpit and cried out: "I will have no red hat, save that of martyrdom, colored with my own blood." Those men chose Christ amid great persecutions; but how many are there in this day, when Christianity seems to be popular, who are ashamed of Christ and not willing to take the hardships, the seeming hardships, of his religion? And, alas for them! for long after the crash of the world's demolition, they shall find that in all these years they were turning their backs upon the palaces of heaven, scrabbling on the door of this world's treasure house, the saliva of a terrific lunacy on their lips, horribly and overwhelmingly playing the fool.

Once more: I say to you that those men play the fool who, while they admit the righteousness of religion, set it down for future attendance. Do you know how many times the word "now" occurs in the Bible? Over two hundred times. One of the shortest words in the Bible, and yet one of the grandest in meaning and ramifications. When does the Bible say is the best time to repent? Now. When does the Bible say that God will forgive? Now. When does God say is the only safe time to attend to matters of the soul? Now. But that word "now" melts away as easily as a snowflake in the evening rain. Where is the "now" of the dead of last year? the "now" of the dead of last month? the "now" of the dead of last week? the "now" of the dead of yesterday? Time picked it up in its beak and flew away with it. Swammerdam and other naturalists tell us there are insects which within the space of one minute are born, fulfill their mission, celebrate their nuptials, and die; but this wonderful "now" is more short-lived than they. It is a flash, a stroke, a glance. Its cradle is its grave. If men catch it at all, it is with a quick clutch. Millions of men have lost their soul immortal, because they did not understand the momentum and the ponderosity of that one word. All the strategic powers of hell are exerted in trying to subtract from the energy and emphasis of that word. They say it is only a word of three letters, while there is a better word of eight letters—"to-morrow." They say: "Throw away that small word and take this other grand one;" and so men say: "Give us 'to-morrow' and take away from us 'now,'" and between those two words is the Appian Way of death, and a great multitude throng that road, jostling and elbowing one another, hastening on swifter and swifter to die. For how much would you walk the edge of the roof of your house? For how much would you come out on the most dangerous peak on the Matterhorn and wave your cap? You say: "No money could induce me to do it." And yet you stand to-day with one foot on a crumbling moment and the other foot lifted, not knowing where you will put it down, while the distance between you and the bottom of the depth beneath you no plummet can measure, no arithmetic calculate, no wing of lightning cleave. And yet, the Bible tells us that unless a man has a new heart he cannot get into heaven; and some of you can not see, though that new heart is here, sometimes the ground gives out, and a man standing near the gap can see down an appalling distance. But, O! if to-day, at your feet, there should open the chasms of the lost world, how you would fling yourself back and hold the pew and cry: "God save me—now! now! now!"

I greet you to-day, my brother, in the very gate of eternity. Some of us may live a longer, and some of us may live a shorter, time; but, at the longest, life is so short that I feel we all stand on the doorsill of the great future. The next step—all the angels of God cannot undo the consequences. Will your exit from this life be rising or a falling? The righteous go up. The Saviour helps them. Ministering spirits meet them. Up! up! up! O, what a grand thing it is to die with a strong faith in God, like that which Stonewall Jackson had, when, in his expiring moments he said: "Let us cross over the river and rest down under the shade." But to leave this world unpreparedly is falling—falling from God, falling from hope, falling from peace, falling from heaven—swiftly falling, wildly falling, forever falling! So it was with one who had been eminent for his intelligence, but who had omitted all preparation for the future life, and at last came down to the valley of death. He said to his wife, seated by his bedside: "Oh, don't talk to me about pain; it is the mind, woman, it is the mind! Of all the years of my life, I never lived one minute for heaven. It is awfully dark here," he whispered, "it is awfully dark. I seem to stand on the slippery edge of a great gulf. I shall fall! I am falling!" And with a shriek, as when a man tumbles over a precipice, he expired. Wife for this world, about all the matters of his immortal soul he was, his life long, playing the fool.

I will take the case of some one in the building to-day and ask you what you think about that case. He has been all his life amid Bibles and churches, so that he knows his duty. Christ has offered to do all for that man that a divine Savior can offer to do for a dying soul. Heaven has been offered him, yea, been pushed upon him, and yet he has not accepted it, and to-day he sets the number of his days, the chances for life to go away from him. What do you say of that one? "Hallucinated," says one; "monomaniacal," says another. Oh, how many there are taking just that position! There is such a thing as pyromania, an insanity which disposes one to destry buildings by fire; but who would have thought there was such a pyromania of the immortal nature, and that any one could be so struck through with that insanity as to have a desire and disposition to consume the soul?

Awake, man! awake, woman! from the phantasia, real or affected. Take Christ. Escape for eternity. Just see what has been done for you. Lift the thorny cap from the brow of Jesus, and see the price that was paid for your liberation. Look at the side, and see where the spear went in and moved round and round, amid broken arteries, the blood rushing forth in awful sacrifice for your sins. Oh, wrap those bare and mutilated feet of the dying Lord in your wedding rag, for they have trod for a hard tramp for your soul! O, for tears to weep over this laceration of Christ! O, for a broken heart to worship him! O, for an omnipotent impulse strong enough to throw this whole audience down at the feet of a crucified and risen Jesus! We must be saved. I cannot consent to have you lose your souls. Come with me, and as in the summer time we go to the beach and bathe in the waters, so to-day let us join hands and wade down into the summary sea of God's forgiveness. Roll over us, tides of everlasting love, roll over us! O Lord, we perish, cover us with the spotless righteousness

WASHINGTON.

DEPENDENT PENSION BILL.

The Veto Sustained by a Vote of 125 to 175.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 24.—Mr. Matson (Ind.) called up the dependent pension bill with the veto message of the President thereon. It was agreed that the debate should run until 4 o'clock, when the previous question should be considered as ordered.

Mr. Conger (Iowa) thought the report of the committee on Invalid Pensions was a complete answer to the President's hyperbolic criticisms on the measure. He commented on the action of the President in vetoeing the pending measure, yet signing the Mexican pension bill, saying that he did not think that the patriotic people were ready to endorse such an action or commend their ruler for taking it. No protest had come against this bill except from the Southern states and from the money centers. Had it come to this, that Wall street and the Solid South were so instrumental in electing a chief executive that they could command him to approve a measure which inured to the benefit of men who had fought against their country's flag, and to withhold his approval from one, for the benefit of those whose sufferings had saved the nation and made it great?

Mr. Warner (Mo.) said that the question presented was whether the House would stand by the brave men of 1861 and 1865 who were dependent on their daily labor for support, or by a President who refused to sign a bill which would take the old soldiers out of the almshouses. The country should blush to see one of the least of its defenders the inmates of a county poorhouse.

Mr. O'Hara (N. C.) favored the bill and criticised the rulings of the pension office, denying aid to colored women who had lost their sons in the war. The colored men did not go into the war, as the President indicated, for dollars and cents. When the Fifty-fourth Indiana and the Fifty-fifth Massachusetts regiments, composed exclusively of colored men, went out, and the paymaster offered to pay them less than the other regiments because they were black, they spurned the money and said, "No, we are in the cause of liberty, and if you cannot pay us what you pay the other soldiers we will fight for our flag and country without compensation." [Applause.]

Mr. Bayne favored the passage of the bill over the veto. The bill, he said, was being opposed by the most corrupt and most hypocritical methods that had ever been employed to defeat or promote legislation.

Mr. Bragg (Wis.), said that the time had arrived when the pension question should receive more than casual consideration. The people of the country, without regard to party, had every reason to be thankful that this bill had been presented to an executive who had backbone enough to meet the situation. In a few years the soldier of the country (not the bummer) would have moved at an unbroken line to Congress and demand as a right, not ask as a charity, that provision be made for them. Let not Congress bankrupt the treasury before that time arrived by yielding to the demands of deserters, coffee coolers and bounty jumpers. The bill, he said, would grant pensions to men who had served from December, 1864, to June, 1865. Who were those men? They were the scum of the earth. They staid in their homes until they were bought—bought by men who speculated in blood—paid from $100 to $800 with private assurance that they were physically so defective that all they had to do was to go to the hospital and not endanger their precious carcasses. Gentlemen talked about soldiers being in almshouses. The men who were found there were the men who had come from them and who, when they left the army had lapsed into their old condition. No true, brave soldier need ever go to the poorhouse. The men who went there were willing to go to the poorhouse. The men who went there were native there. They had no self-respect; no character; they lay down and opened their mouths for a tent to suck.

The spectators who filled the galleries gave their utmost capacity and who listened eagerly to all that was said on the floor now took part in the demonstrations of disapproval and approval, and, though without adding to the noise and confusion sufficiently to justify the Speaker in ordering the clearing of the galleries, gave vent to their feelings until the close of the debate by frequent applause.]

Continuing, Mr. Bragg said: "Confederate soldiers without hope are toiling day by day, exhibiting thrift, industry and energy never expected of them, while the Northern man, independent, self-reliant, industrious, and enterprising, actually lags behind into idleness. Why? Because he is waiting for his stipend to come from the government, and when that stipend comes it is spent quickly, and if he comes from a poor house he lapses back into that position and waits for another stipend."

Mr. Steele—How about the Mexican pension bill?

Mr. Bragg—I have said I wished the President had vetoed it; it is intimated that the bill passed because it benefits Confederates. I ask any one of you, bigoted as you may be, if you did not get some of the pork? You all voted for the bill, and now you discover that it is a monstrosity.

Mr. McKinley (Me.) said that if he believed that the beneficiaries of the bill were scoundrels and vagabonds he would not vote for the passage over the veto of the President, but he did not believe with the gentleman from Wisconsin (Bragg) that the beneficiaries were either shirks or vagabonds or good-for-nothing scoundrels. This bill was justified by precedents over and over again—in 1818, 1820, and 1830, and in acts passed by both Houses, which received the approval of General Jackson, John Quincy Adams and James Madison, and he wanted read against Andrew Jackson Warner what the first Andrew Jackson said:

"I would suggest a review of the pension law for the purpose of extending its benefits to every revolutionary soldier who aided in establishing the government."

That was the Democracy of the past. The Democracy of the present had decided upon another line of battle. [Applause on Republican side.]

Mr. Hepburn (Ia.) commented on the fact that every gentleman who had spoken in opposition to the bill, save one, had voted for it originally. There must be some reason for this. A large number of them, like himself, terminate their official lives on March 4, and a large number of them, unlike himself, were now about the White House, "bending the pregnant hinges of the knee, that thrift may follow fawning." [Loud cheers and laughter on Republican side.]

"I deny the right," he continued, "of the gentleman from Ohio (Warner) and the gentleman from Wisconsin (Bragg) to speak for the Grand Army of this country. I tell you that while these gentlemen once did occupy honorable places in the Grand Army, and were everywhere received, yet they were looked upon to-day, when they rise in their places and denounce their old comrades as vagabonds and the scum of humanity, as Benedict Arnold was, [cheers.] Look at the petitions from post after post upon your desks. In the light of all those and telegrams from the grand commander of the G. A. R., Gen. Fairchild, who tells us that this is a bill in its substance that the Grand Army has been demanding for years should be passed. The statement of the gentleman from Wisconsin (Bragg) that the Grand Army has repudiated this bill is as false in word and essence as the greater portion of all of its diatribe of abuse against his own comrades. [Applause.] Before I sit down I wish to ask the chairman of the committee on (Mr. Matson) whether he has in his pocket a petition signed by Grover Cleveland asking Congress to pass the service pension bill to put all soldiers on the pension roll."

Mr. Matson (Ind.) closed the debate. He believed it to be his duty as a legislator to ask the House to pass the bill over the veto of the President. He would be glad if he could support the President's veto, but his conscience and his heart would not permit it. He had been asked whether the President had ever signed a petition asking that a pension be granted to all soldiers of the late war. He held in his hand a petition drawn up in 1884, which was too long to read now. It was numerously signed and in substance asked that a pension of at least $8 a month be granted to all honorably discharged soldiers. It contained this indorsement:

"I am sure that the subject of this petition is worthy of the prompt and careful consideration of Congress and the fullest justice should be done to the parties in whose interests this movement is made.

"GROVER CLEVELAND."

As Mr. Matson concluded nearly every Republican was on his feet, and as Mr. Matson finished reading the endorsement a loud burst of applause came up from the Republican side of the House.

The question was then put, "Will the House, upon reconsideration, pass the bill, the President's objection to the contrary notwithstanding?" and it was decided in the negative—yeas, 175; nays, 125—not the constitutional two-thirds in the affirmative.

The vote by which the bill originally passed the House was 180 to 76, so it appears that the following named members (all Democrats) changed their votes on the measure:

Adams (N. Y.), Bacon, Boyle, Burnes, Cobb, Curtin, Dawson, Dougherty, Eden, Ermentrout, Fisher, Gay, Gibson, Hall, Hatch, Hill, McAdoo, Morrison, Outhwaite, Scott, Seymour, Shaw, Snowden, Springer, Stalnecker, Stone (Mo.), Viele, Ward (Ind.), A. J. Warner (Ohio).

Upon the announcement of the vote there was applause on the Democratic side, and hisses and groans from the advocates of the bill.

UNCLE SAM'S MONEY.

He Takes in as Much Now in a Day as He Used to in a Year—Some Interesting Figures.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 26.—The report of the secretary of the Treasury is generally looked upon as mighty dry reading for the average newspaper reader, but there are some interesting facts to be found in the bound volume of nearly a thousand pages labeled "Annual Report of the Secretary of the Treasury," which has just come from the hands of the Public Printer. For instance, it is interesting to know that the government receipts now run as much in a day as they did in an entire year at the beginning of the present century.

The gross receipts of this sort from all sources during the year 1791 were $4,771,342, while for the year 1865 they were $1,805,393,345, or in round numbers nearly five million dollars a day. Just now they are not quite as great, having dropped down to about five hundred million dollars a year, but the possibilities are of course greater than twenty years ago. Another interesting point, shown by the report, is that the receipts by the government from 1791 down to the present time has been over twenty-two billions of dollars. The "balance in the Treasury" at the beginning of the year 1792 was less than one million dollars. To-day it is over five hundred millions.

There is a curious idea afloat that there never was an internal revenue tax until the late war. Mr. Manning's report shows to the contrary. The early withdrawal of the House conferees, a meeting was secured at 10 o'clock yesterday morning, which was intended by the Senate members to last through the day and through the night as well if necessary to complete the bill and clear the desks for the remaining appropriation bills.

SEN. TURPIE'S CASE

Will Not be Acted Upon Until the Next Session.

WASHINGTON, March 1.—The action of the Senate committee on privileges and elections this morning, in reporting back the credentials of David Turpie, is said to have no significance, but was taken in accordance with a continuous line of precedents.

It is understood that when Turpie, at the next session, presents himself to be sworn, a protest will be entered, and that the contest will then begin. Notice has been received from Indiana that additional papers in the case are to be submitted.

Bills Passed Under a Suspension.

WASHINGTON, March 1—3:25 p. m.—The House has passed the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bills, under a suspension of the rules.

Sec. Manning's Successor.

WASHINGTON, March 1.—Col. Lamont said that a successor to Sec. Manning will not be nominated before Thursday at the earliest.

A Chance for Sec. Bayard to Show His Hand.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Feb. 23.—Sen. Stephenson is preparing papers which he will forward to Secy. of State Bayard, in a day or two, calling his attention to the arrest by the German government of Richard Reabecker, a citizen of Strasburg, Ill.

Reabecker is a naturalized citizen of the United States, and has resided in Shelby county for some years. In December he started for Germany on a visit, arriving in that country January 5, 1887. Three days later he was arrested and compelled to enter the German army, and is still held a prisoner subject to military service. These facts will be set forth in the papers to be sent to Sec. Bayard, with the request that he demand Reabecker's instant release by the German government.

Another Story About Montana Weather.

HELENA, Feb. 26.—In regard to the reports of the extreme severity of the winter in Montana and the losses of stock on ranges, being published in Eastern papers, stockmen here claim that the winter has been no more severe than that of 1880-81, when losses of stock did not exceed 25 per cent. The cattle interest will suffer most. Sheep men were generally prepared with an abundance of hay. In such cases the losses have not been larger than usual, and as a rule cattlemen are wealthy, having large balances in the bank, and there will probably not be a single failure in Montana on account of the losses of cattle.

Specials from Butte, stating that the Helena banks expected to sustain large losses on loans advanced to cattlemen are without foundation and absolutely false. Only one or two of the largest cattle companies are borrowers of money to any extent, and such loans are placed in the east for the reason they could not afford to pay the high rate of interest prevailing in Montana. The weather is moderating, and stockmen are confident that in a few days the ranges will be comparatively free from snow.

Protection and Free Trade.

NEW YORK, Feb. 23.—At the Twilight club dinner, held last night at Martinelles, in Bowling Green, 75 members and guests heard a dozen speakers discuss "Sophistries of Protection and of Free Trade." Col. Pat Donan, of Dakota, said that protection kept away from the country all but $200,000,000 of $955,000,000 of the commerce of Central and South America. Gilbert R. Hawes said we were lucky to get so much of it, and Thomas C. Sheaman said he suggested to Henry George that if he were dictator he would abolish all the customs houses in the United States in one night, before Mr. George expressed that opinion at the Nineteenth Century club. J. McDonald Oxley, of the Marine department of Canada, said that after eight years' experience of protection, the people of the Dominion believed that "it was either a fallacy or a limited benefit, and after protecting themselves from outside, they needed protection from themselves."

FEARFUL PREDICTIONS

"The Great Crisis is at Hand," So Says Dr. Baxter, of England, and What He Don't Know About the Future Don't Seem to be Worth Knowing.

NEW YORK, Feb. 25.—At last night's session of the Prophetic conference, Rev. Mr. Baxter, of England, took for his subject: "The great crisis is at hand." He took up the question of the "Seven Trumpets" of Revelation. These, he said, would be sounded thrice towards each of the four parts of the world, and would be the signal to prepare for the millenium. All calculations pointed to the period between 1879-1900 as the beginning of the millenium. During the previous decade great wars and revolutions would transform the present twenty-three kingdoms into ten.

He based the assertion on Daniel's dream of the lions, with ten large and one small horn. The kingdoms would comprise France, with the Rhine as a boundary, and parts of Wurtenburg, Bavaria and Baden; Britian without Ireland or India; Spain, Italy, Bulgaria, Turkey, Egypt, Austria and Greece. These countries were ten Roman provinces, which were represented in the parts of the statue of Daniel. Daniel interpreted Nebuchanezzar as the small horn, or eleventh king, who was to be conqueror of them all. His kingdom was finally to be conquered by France and her nine allies.

Anti-Christ was to come out of the house of Napoleon, and to be of a fierce countenance and a man of sin, full of wiles. He was presumed to be Prince Jerome Napoleon, or Pion-Pion. The number of the beast, or right hand, would designate Napoleon's followers. All others were to perish on the guillotine. He would make a seven-years' covenant with the Jews, but would break it after 3½ years. The Jews would be greatly persecuted. About this time Christ would appear, and the 144,000 watchful Christians would be taken from earth in an instant. Their sudden taking off might cause great accidents, as lives innumerable would be depending upon their existence.

In the last three years before 1900 over 200,000,000 demons would rule the earth for 15 months, and kill one-third of the population of the world. Demon locusts with scorpion stings would do deadly work for five months. Elijah and another would come to help Christ, with power to kill with fire out of their mouths. From 1897 to 1900 the world would gradually become converted, until the sounding of the seven trumpets.

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Attention was drawn to the great earthquake in Europe as one of the omens of the coming trouble. At this time excitence were greatly excited, and at one terrific prediction a woman present went into hysterics through excitement.

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"I have not received the offer of $125,000, and it would make no difference if I had. If you were to come in here and propose to buy, say my little finger, you would naturally expect to pay a pretty good price for, and you would, furthermore, be pretty safe in offering a big price for it, because you know very well that I would not sell the finger. Well, I would as soon think of parting with my little finger as I would with Maud S. Maud S. is simply not for sale; that is all there is to the matter. If anybody were to offer me $200,000 or $300,000 it would be all the same. There are some things we do not part with for money, and Maud S. is one of them. If people like to advertise themselves by making large offers for her, I suppose that is all right, but she will not be sold."

The G. A. R. Encampment.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 24.—The local committees having in charge the arrangements for the national encampment of the G. A. R. in this city next September were informed some time ago by various railroad officials that the provisions of the interstate commerce bill prohibited them from granting reduced rates to members of the army who might desire to attend. Sen. Cullom says the bill does not prohibit the making of special rates for great national gatherings such as the encampment and political and other conventions. Whether or not the railroads will accept the interpretation of the bill is not known.

IT COSTS BIG MONEY

To Run for Office in New York City—Some Startling Figures by One who has the Means of Knowing.

NEW YORK, March 1.—The Commonwealth club dined, including its guests, 200 strong, at the Metropolitan hotel last night. City Chamberlin William M. Ivens read a paper on the use of money in elections, in which he presented some queer statements. These were some of them:

"The legal machinery of elections in this city involves a total expenditure of $291,000 in an average year, and at least $100,000 is added to this in Presidential years. This fund of $291,000 is practically used, if not to purchase, at least to assure and guarantee the vote of at least ten persons for each election district.

"The election districts will average about 300 voters, so that three per cent of the voters, as a minimum are employed in or about the elections in accordance with the provisions of law, as officers of the law, and the election district leaders see that they are the first men to vote and to vote right. The district leaders, at the rate of four for each election district, are among the 13,749 office-holders whose names are on the pay-rolls of the city. The different machines, for the purpose of securing their services in perpetuity, get the city to pay them as city employes.

"New York city paid its assembly district leaders last year $330,000, or an average of $4,750 for each of the 72 leaders. This estimate includes the estimated income of the leader's fee office at $100,000. It is now, however, a feed office, yielding only $12,000 a year to its chief. The amount which is now being actually received by these leaders from the public treasury is $242,000. Of this, Tammany Hall gets $119,000, the County Democracy $90,000, and the Republicans the rest. In each case the amount received is divided among the district-leaders, and $75,000 more goes to captains, heelers, followers and hangers-on.

"To meet these latter expenses, the county clerk, register, and other candidates for office, have to pay large assessments to their party managers. The county clerk and register have got off cheap when they paid from $15,000 to $20,000, and besides gave office to certain retainers. In addition, Mr. John Kelly, I'm told, used to make each of these officers pay him $10,000 a year for state politics. In good years, such as that after the sale by Aldermen of the Broadway franchise, the aldermanic office was much sought after. Aldermanic candidates were assessed from $15 to $25 for each election district.

"Candidates for congress pay from $25 to $30 for each election district. Candidates for judicial offices have paid as high as $20,000. The assessment paid by the comptroller in the last election was $10,000. Mayor Hewitt paid $12,000 a piece to the County Democracy and Tammany Hall, or $24,000. Mayor Edson paid, or there was paid on his account, $10,000 each to the County Democracy and Tammany Hall and $51,000 to Irving Hall. Mayor Grace paid $10,000 to the County Democracy when he last ran and in 1880 he paid $12,500 to Irving Hall and $7,500 to Tammany Hall.

"An average year sees a total of $211,200 paid in assessments. This with the money distributed by law, results in 56 voters in each election district being under pay or 45,457 in all. Thus at the last election when 29,992 votes were polled over 20 per cent. of all the voters received money in one form or another for their election day services. This total does not include the printing, or the expenses of gubernatorial or presidential years, when all these figures are largely increased."

MICHIGAN REPUBLICANS.

The Banquet at Detroit—Speeches and Letters.

DETROIT, Feb. 23.—The second annual banquet of the Michigan club was held last night. Covers were laid for 1,500, and several hundred more occupied seats in the gallery. Sen. Palmer presided. Gov. Luce made the welcome address. The first toast of the evening was "Washington, the Unionist," to which Congressman C. A. Boutelle, of Maine, responded.

Hon. John S. Wise, of Virginia, spoke of "Washington the Virginian." He was heartily received, and, in part, "There is a growing feeling that the Republican party is the party for the South, because, knowing its principles, is not afraid to support them. The South will be Republican, because the South is progressive, while Democracy is negative and obstructive."

Hon. John C. Holliver, of Iowa, responded to the toast, "Washington the Statesman."

Sen. Joseph R. Hawley, of Connecticut, was introduced, and spoke of "Washington, the Revolutionist," his theme being "Home rule, but not secession."

John R. Lynch, of Mississippi, in a letter of regret, says:

"I permit me to express the hope that your club, and the Republicans of the country generally, will not overlook or ignore the fact that the present national administration has, as a basis of its existence, a violent and fraudulent suppression of the popular will in several of the Southern states, a repetition of which should not be tolerated. Any political party can afford to be honestly and fairly defeated, but the government cannot long survive continuous prostitution of our elective system. In comparison with this great wrong, it is the duty of the Republicon party to consider all other questions and issues as of secondary importance."

CONVICT LABOR.

Annual Report of the Commissioner of Labor—Some Facts of Interest.

WASHINGTON, March 1.—Carroll D. Wright, commissioner of labor, has submitted to the secretary of the interior the second annual report, which relates entirely to the subject of convict labor. It says that the prison population of 64,609 has a proportion of one in a thousand to the population of the United States. Whatever competition, considering the country at large, which comes from convict labor in any form, must come from this one convict in 1,000 of the population, not the proportion to those engaged in mechanical pursuits in the whole country, which is about one convict to every 50 persons so employed.

The total product of all the penal institutions was 54-100 of one per cent. of the total production of the industries of the country. The report states that it is perfectly evident from information obtained that competition arising from the employment of convicts, as far as the whole country is concerned, would not of itself constitute a question worthy of serious discussion. "However, locally and in certain industries," says the report, "competition may be serious and of such proportions as to claim the most serious attention of legislatures."

The New York Sun on Pension Matters.

NEW YORK, Feb. 25.—The *Sun*, in an editorial on the refusal of the House, yesterday, to pass the dependent pension bill over the Presidents veto, says: "The present cost of these (pension) measures is even less alarming than the new principles which have been introduced. One of these is the removing of the limitation upon arrears, after prolonged notice of the time after which years would not be payable. This legislation, under the act of 1879, will not only cost the country $260,000,000, with the probability of increasing this extra amount to $500,000,000 should the limitation be again removed, as is now proposed, but in addition it makes the government liable to pay vast sums at times when it may be greatly troubled to pay them.

"Another perilous principle has been that of overthrowing the old-time value of large classes of ordinary pensions, thus leaving it wholly uncertain what new burdens may be added by reckless legislation. Thirty-five surviving soldiers of 1812, pensioned for service only, prodigious as would be the resulting debt, the country might at least declare that the possibility of adding further names was then ended; but should Congress go on to increase the amount of each pension there would be absolutely no guarantee against financial ruin."

Old Wine from Jerusalem.

CHICAGO, Feb. 24.—The invoices for a large consignment of wine from Jerusalem were received at the custom house yesterday. The invoices consist of nearly 500 gallons of wine and upwards of 100 gallons of liquor, and are intended specially for the feast of the Passover, which begins April 9, and continues one week. This feast is particularly observed among the Hebrews throughout the world with impressive ceremonies and rejoicings. The wine is said to be of superb quality, seven years old. The present invoices left Jerusalem December 15, and came by way of Jaffa, the Suez canal, and London.

The Colored World's Fair.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 26.—The bill reported by Sen. Morgan from the committee on Foreign Relations to-day, to encourage the holding of a colored world's fair in 1888, authorizes the President to appoint six commissioners upon the recommendation of the directors of the colored world's fair association and five additional commissioners upon the recommendation of the subscribers to the enterprise in the city in which it may be located, to constitute a board of management of the exposition. The President is also authorized to appoint one commissioner for each state and territory.

HAVING A "LOUD" TIME.

Nineteen Kinds of Yells from 450 College Boys.

NEW YORK, Feb. 26.—Four hundred and fifty men, from nineteen different colleges, assisted, with nineteen different kinds of college yells, at the Psi U dinner in the concert hall of the Metropolitan opera-house, last night. The nineteen kinds of cheers were exploded simultaneously at intervals, and a fine racket they made. Michigan University and Union College would have won first prize for intricate cheering in a championship contest.

On one occasion, when the 450 diners engaged in a whistling chorus, with a tintinnabulating accompaniment played on their wine glasses with forks, Police Captain Williams and Sergeant Westervelt thrust their heads through the curtains that separated the hall from the corridors. Instantly the whole company rose to a man, gave three rousing cheers for the captain and his aide, and rattled their feet in a thunderous break-down that must have astonished the audience at the German opera.

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Bonner and Maud S.

NEW YORK, Feb. 26.—It was Mr. Frank Siddall, of Philadelphia, who offered Mr. Robert Bonner $100,000 for Maud S., and it is said he has supplemented this offer by another of $125,000, with a certified check within 24 hours after the acceptance for the amount. Concerning this Mr. Bonner said:

"I have not received the offer of $125,000, and it would make no difference if I had. If you were to come in here and propose to buy, say my little finger, you would naturally expect to pay a pretty good price for, and you would, furthermore, be pretty safe in offering a big price for it, because you know very well that I would not sell the finger. Well, I would as soon think of parting with my little finger as I would with Maud S. Maud S. is simply not for sale; that is all there is to the matter. If anybody were to offer me $200,000 or $300,000 it would be all the same. There are some things we do not part with for money, and Maud S. is one of them. If people like to advertise themselves by making large offers for her, I suppose that is all right, but she will not be sold."

The G. A. R. Encampment.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 24.—The local committees having in charge the arrangements for the national encampment of the G. A. R. in this city next September were informed some time ago by various railroad officials that the provisions of the interstate commerce bill prohibited them from granting reduced rates to members of the army who might desire to attend. Sen. Cullom says the bill does not prohibit the making of special rates for great national gatherings such as the encampment and political and other conventions. Whether or not the railroads will accept the interpretation of the bill is not known.

MRS. DRUSE HANGED.

She Retained Her Composure to the Last—Great Crowds of People Notwithstanding the Intense Cold.

HERKIMER, N. Y., Feb. 28.—After the services, last evening, Mrs. Druse remained up until about 11:30 p. m. Deputy Sheriff Bartley Marion, with Mr. and Mrs. Waterman, and the death watch induced her to lie down and she had about an hour's quiet sleep. She arose at 4 o'clock and upon arising began to write letters as calmly as she had at any time during her incarceration.

Every road leading into the town was dotted with sleighs, crowded with furcoated men and not a few women. Capt. Wm. Bulling and the thirty-first separate company, National Guards, 64 muskets, came down from Mohawk at 9 a. m., and were quartered in the court-house. Details were posted about the jail to reinforce the deputies who were on duty since 8 a. m., about the exterior of the jail. The crowd in the village increased on the arrival of every train, and in spite of the extreme cold, men, women and children stood about the streets surrounding the jail, satisfied to look at the officials as they passed in and out of the building to Sheriff Cook's office in the court-house on the opposite side of the street. No one is permitted to pass the lines without displaying his badge of authority as deputies. The execution, which occurred at 12 m. precisely, was witnessed by 25 persons, including the officials.

Mrs. Druse is said to have left a confession acknowledging the murder of her husband.

HENRY GEORGE'S THEORIES

To be Legally Tested—An Interesting Case in a New Jersey Court.

NEW YORK, Feb. 28.—Henry George's doctrines are likely to come before a New Jersey court to have it determined whether they are "immoral, revolutionary in character, and, therefore, opposed to public policy." This characterization of them is made by two half-brothers of the late George Hutchins, of Blue Anchor, N. J., who bequeathed to Henry George, in trust, two-thirds of his estate, valued at $30,000, to be expended in distributing copies of George's works. The remaining third is left to the testator's widow, who is 70 years old. The will has been admitted to probate, but the half-brothers intend to contest it on the grounds stated. Mr. George said to-day that it had been represented to him that the widow would need for her support the entire estate left by her husband, and that he had expressed an intetion to surrender it to her if such was the case. He has since learned, he says, that she does not need it, and that his surrender of the property would not benefit her, as it would merely divert it to other persons. Besides, now that his writings have been aspersed as immoral, he must make a defense, and that is what he will do.

CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.

Minister Pendleton sails for Berlin on Thursday next.

Detroit ferryboats were greatly delayed by ice yesterday.

The new pension building in Washington is leaky and almost unfit for occupation.

Cardinal Jacobini did not die until Monday, though it was reported that he passed away on Saturday.

George Montgomery, at Sparta, Ky., wanted to marry Ona Kitson. She refused and he killed her instantly.

The champion yacht Mayflower will cross the ocean and compete for the Queen's jubilee cup this summer.

A bill has been reported to the Senate appropriating $30,000 for a monument to mark the birth place of Washington.

The government will soon test a new gun, made at Reading, Pa., that is said to be the most effective in existence.

James M. Trotter, colored, has been nominated for recorder of deeds, District of Columbia, vice James C. Matthews, twice rejected.

The Italian parliament proposes a relief fund of a million dollars for the earthquake sufferers. A pestilence is feared when hot weather sets in.

Mrs. Druse, hanged at Herkimer, N. Y., on Monday, made affidavit that her daughter Mary had nothing to do with the murder of her husband.

A Brutal Murder.

NEW ORLEANS, March 1.—A special from Winona, Miss., dated yesterday, says: R. V. Loggins, a prominent merchant of this place, was foully murdered to-day by Alexander Crawford (colored). Crawford had been purchasing supplies from Mr. Loggins and had become involved. He failed to bring a mortgage note at a trustee's sale to-day, and Mr. Loggins went to see him about it and was murdered by the negro, who had prepared himself for the horrible work. Mr. Loggins was found horribly cut to pieces. The murderer escaped, but will doubtless be captured.

An Increase in Wages.

CLEVELAND, March 1.—The 1,000 employes at the Britton iron and steel works have had their wages increased from 10 to 15 per cent. The 600 men who struck at the American wire works for an advance of 10 per cent. are still out. Both sides are firm and it looks as if the struggle will be a long one.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

BURIED IN THE RUINS.

Further Details of the Earthquake—Great Loss of Life.

LONDON, Feb. 24.—Further details from Rivera increases the disaster. At Cervo, near Diarvo, Nava, 300 persons were killed by being buried in the ruins of falling buildings. Railway traffic is suspended beyond Savona. The prisoners in the government jail at Finalborgo, alarmed by the earthquake, tried